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Saturday Review

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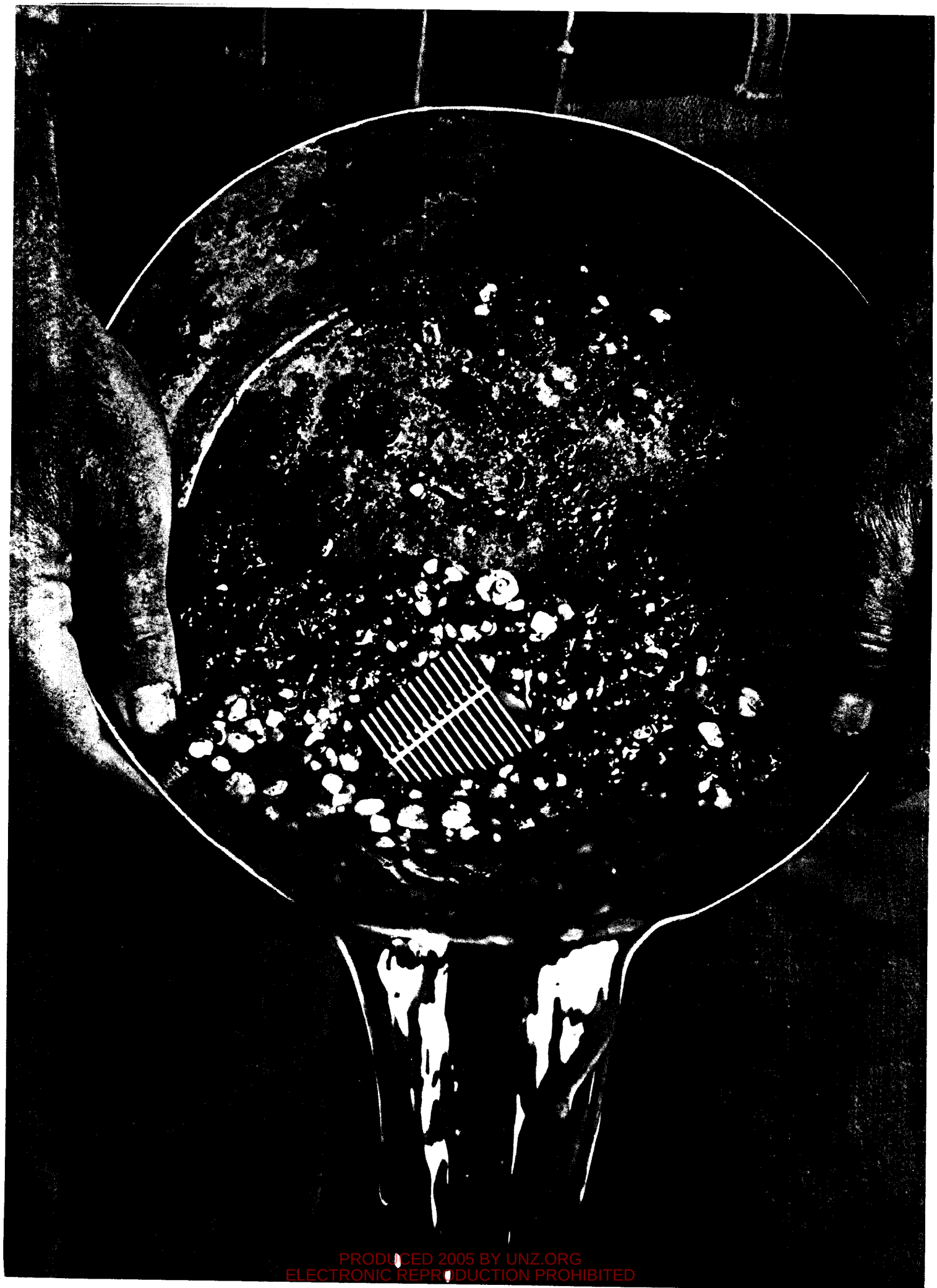

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Western Electric

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Saturday Review

CONTENTS MARCH 17, 1979

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6 **Letters**
8 **Front Runners**
12 **Editorial** by N.C. *The conquest of pain*
13 **Light Refractions** by Thomas H. Middleton *Health nut*
14 **Washington** by Michael Massing *Blocking the road to riches*
80 **The Back Door** by Carll Tucker *An unharvested talent*

China and the New Destinations A Special Section

16 **China: Rushing to Join the World** by Horace Sutton *A 2,000-mile journey from a wharf in Hong Kong to the airport in Peking reveals an old civilization, backward but unbowed, resolute in its will to modernize in Marxist ways, but with Western help, to ensure its survival and guarantee its place among world powers*
32 **Business Catches China Fever** by Arne de Keijzer *The rush toward modernization is creating a huge market for which American businessmen are competing with world tradesmen*
34 **A Portfolio of Unexpected Places** *Inventive ideas in words and pictures about places far out and real by Horace Sutton, Patricia Brooks, Jill Morgan, Lisl and Landt Dennis, and Griffin Smith*

PLEASURES

52 **Lookouts**
54 **High Boy** by Denise Scott Brown *Philip Johnson's lack of intensity has kept his architecture from being great art, but it has not prevented his writings from being lively, maddening, brilliant*
60 **Theater** by Martin Gottfried *Freak hero*
65 **The Movies** by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. *Predictable fun*
67 **Books** *Richard Locke finds that Malamud's reach has exceeded his grasp; Ernest van den Haag discusses the punishing of victims*
71 **Books in Brief**
73 **Sporting Life** by Jonathan Evan Maslow *The tangled net of pro tennis*

Puzzles Double-Crostic No. 167 (page 79)
Wit Twister No. 138 (page 7) Literary Crypt No. 126 (page 7)
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LETTERS

Are Cults Cloaked?

I am appalled at Norman Cousins's ranting editorial of January 6 ["The Reign of the Religious Fanatic"], which invites a wholesale witch-hunt against minority religious sects. It is simply not true that the cloak of "religion" has effectively shielded violent and criminal acts. Jim Jones fled to Guyana precisely because an exposé in *New West* jeopardized his position on the West Coast. His temporary immunity from investigation and prosecution in California was due more to his political connections than to his "religious" shield.

Appellate courts tend to distinguish between allegations of tangible violence and those of intrapsychic damage. But it is probably beyond the ability of social science to determine whether a 25-year-old convert who is nonviolent and talks coherently, if dogmatically, has free will. In the absence of extreme personal disorganization or psychosis, personal autonomy should be assumed with regard to a nondrugged adult who is not acting under physical duress (strictly defined). This standard protects Moonies or Hare Krishna devotees from forcible confinement and "deprogramming," but does not necessarily preclude intervention against groups such as Synanon or the People's Temple, which allegedly use physical violence.

Thomas Robbins
New York, New York

Norman Cousins's editorial was a prophetic contribution to the discussion of an increasingly disturbing phenomenon in contemporary American society. Religious cults are successful because people want their personal needs satisfied without assuming any societal responsibility. We also want to experience our religion vicariously without any corresponding commitment beyond the checkbook and the assurance that some religious huckster is going to bless us with a miracle.

No doubt we must temper our "unlimited hospitality" to the latest religious fads. However, any government attempt to define legitimate religious expression can become a threat to treasured constitutional guarantees. A more effective counter to religious fanaticism is a challenge to the lifestyle of the "me generation" and a development of solid theological, biblical, and ethical instruction in our churches as well as nonsectarian religious education in our public schools.

Howard L. Daughenbaugh
United Campus Ministry Center
Eastern Illinois University
Charleston, Illinois

Educational Scruples

Fred H. Hechinger's article "Schoolyard Blues: The Decline of Public Education" [January 20] is interesting and saddening. But he does not emphasize two of the most important causes of the ongoing failure. One is that the teaching profession is becoming less of a profession and more of a means of making a living; they [teachers] teach according to the book rather than by inspiration and imagination. Another problem is the continuing transfer of the responsibility of discipline and personal education from the parents to the schools. The parent-student relationship, in the large sense, is disappearing from the American family scene.

John L. Thayer
Old Lyme, Connecticut

Fred Hechinger acknowledges that confidence in the public school is eroding. His solution? A national coalition to propagate "faith in public schools as the foundation of American democracy." Nonsense.

We need a serious reassessment of the problems Hechinger cites, and a rethinking of how public schools meet public goals. If competition is good for business, might it not possibly serve the nation's educational needs also?

Edward M. Corbett
Commerce, Texas

Gripe From a Grieving Grammarian

It was most heartening for me to read of Goodman Ace's compulsive behavior with regard to grammatical errors [Top of My Head, February 3], as I suffer from the same affliction.

I, too, was a "strange child." I was the only seven-year-old in my class who said "She and I went out to play" ("her and me" was in popular usage). I get severe pains in my temples when I hear the word "irregardless," or when some inconsiderate person says, "Being that it was raining...." It has long been my contention that Americans abuse their own language more than any people in the world. There is no excuse! I don't know what the solution is, but I was certainly glad to learn that I am not the only one who notices these blatant mutilations of our tongue.

Leslie Moak
Chicago, Illinois

The Aging of Hesse

John Fludas is certainly correct in writing that Hermann Hesse's life was a "struggle to negate his physical and psychic anguish" [Books in Brief, January 20], but despite such ailments as gout, insomnia, and sciatica, Hesse appeared remarkably well-preserved until his death in 1962 at the age of 85. The photograph of Hesse in 1960 by his son Martin, accompanying the review, depicts Hesse at 83, not 65 as indicated in the caption.

Craig B. Foster
Pentwater, Michigan

Editor's Note: We regret our error.

Trashing America's Literature

Anthony Burgess's good-natured diatribe on certain trashy trends in American "literature" [The Road of Excess," February 3] can only elicit heartfelt amens from every lighted corner of America. We join hands and earnestly pray for early exhaustion of the literary mode he rails against.

Ben Whitehill
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Poor Anthony Burgess. He is either suffering from senility or else he wrote his recent article ["The Road of Excess"] without a second look. I can understand his despair at seeing so much sex and violence in American literature, but his solution to shift the outpouring works of fiction toward a vanishing point of greater gentility and propriety is completely impractical. Those who write of champagne-bottle massacres in America do not just cater to the tastes of American publishing executives; they are bending to the moving force of their society which has shaped their own consciousness.

Michael G. Wilson
Gambier, Ohio

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Answers to March 3 Puzzles

WIT TWISTER No. 137
dater, rated, trade, tared, tread

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 125

To enjoy a good reputation, give publicly and steal privately.
—Josh Billings

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 166

HELEN LAWRENSON: WHISTLING GIRL

Nowadays when I read in a magazine reminiscences of a writer's childhood back in the old days and these "old days" turn out to be the Fifties, I begin to feel slightly like some mammoth that has been dug intact out of the ice in Siberia or Ultima Thule, a quirkily preserved remnant of another age.

Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 126

KVCVQOHQMV YU QSO US JNMW KVJSKUV ASK PWHO PV WHDV ISQV HU OWV AVHK SA OWV MSQU-VZNVQMVU.

—TH KSMWVASNMHNTI

Wit Twister No. 138

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The morning mists rise up to__ __ __ __ __ __ __ the steeple,
__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ the village folk and summer people
Cock __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ eyes aloft and sagely say,
"Another hot and humid August day."

Contributed by Mrs. Thomas E. Harris
Alexandria, Virginia

Answers next issue

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Moonie Update

Last issue we detailed the Moonies' foray into the fishing industry. Now they've made a plunge into public relations, though with considerably less success. On January 24 the group placed full-page ads in the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* ridiculing the findings of a congressional investigation of their activities, and offering, for $1, a copy of "Our Response to the Investigation of Korean-American Relations."

Within a week, the document office of the House International Relations Committee had received a staggering 3,700 requests for their report (triple the usual weekly figure). The investigation had been published three months before. Meanwhile, although a Moonie spokesman claimed that the Church had received "hundreds" of coupons clipped from the ad, another admitted that they had gotten "just a few."

The ad may prove to be a double-barreled mistake for the Moonies, since its references to the report turn out to be palpably misleading when the document itself is examined. For example, the ad states, "...the subcommittee [on international organizations] has reluctantly admitted that the Unification Church is not an agent of influence for the Korean government." In fact, the report details at great length the cooperation between Moon and the Korean government (including the KCIA), but concludes that the Church ultimately served no ends save its own: "The Moon organization was not an agent of influence for the ROK government so much as it was a volatile factor in Korean-American relations, capable of distorting the perceptions each country held of the other."

Sometimes it's better just to keep your mouth shut.

RICHARD DEL ROSSO

Money to Burn

Rebellions against the gift horse, though infrequent, produce a fine sense of exaltation. Several years ago an impoverished Italian peasant spurned an offer of $1 million for the Botticelli that hung above his rude mantel. And now, according to Japanese news media, office worker Hiromi Kiyokawa has burned a lottery ticket worth $51,282.

While fellow workers looked on in horror, the 36-year-old bachelor explained that news of the gift had already provoked envy and hostility among his neighbors. What this noble sacrifice to sentiment will provoke among them, however, he did not explain.

From Here to 1984

With 1984 only five years away, it's about time to crank up the paranoia machine. Leading off for the Orwell-knew-whereof-he-spoke partisans is, aptly enough, the *Futurist*, whose 1978 year-end issue featured "Countdown to 1984: Big Brother May Be Right on Schedule."

The author, futurologist David Goodman, contends that Orwell's vision of a world dominated by three vast, warring superpowers, and a people whose every move and thought are monitored by a totalitarian authority, may in fact represent a rough view of where we are heading. Such Orwellian inventions as the Thought Police, who read loyalty in a man's gestures, dreams, or habits, Goodman sees already fulfilled, *in potentia*, by the many behavior modification techniques now at the disposal of the state. Likewise, Orwell's vision of "vast laboratories," where "teams of experts are... planning the logistics of future wars," anticipates, the author points out, "the Rand Corporation and other think tanks serving the military." According to Goodman's calculations, over 100 of 137 predictions made in *1984* have come true.

Not a bad batting average, perhaps; but Orwell's vision of doom is already anachronistic. The citizens of Oceania endure the hardships of an English lower-middle-class life—electricity winking out, old row houses crumbling into disrepair, etc.—with oppression to boot. But Orwell sketched his nightmare before the advent of the corporate state. The totalitarians of the future will more likely be a genial knot of megacorporate executives, subduing us with TV sets and microwave ovens and the best in stereos humming, endlessly, with gentle music. Consumer goods will serve as the opiate of the people. Nineteen eighty-four will arrive not with a bang but a whimper of numb satisfaction.

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His destiny was to die in poverty and disappointment.

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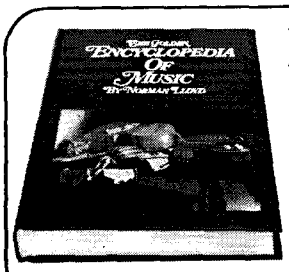

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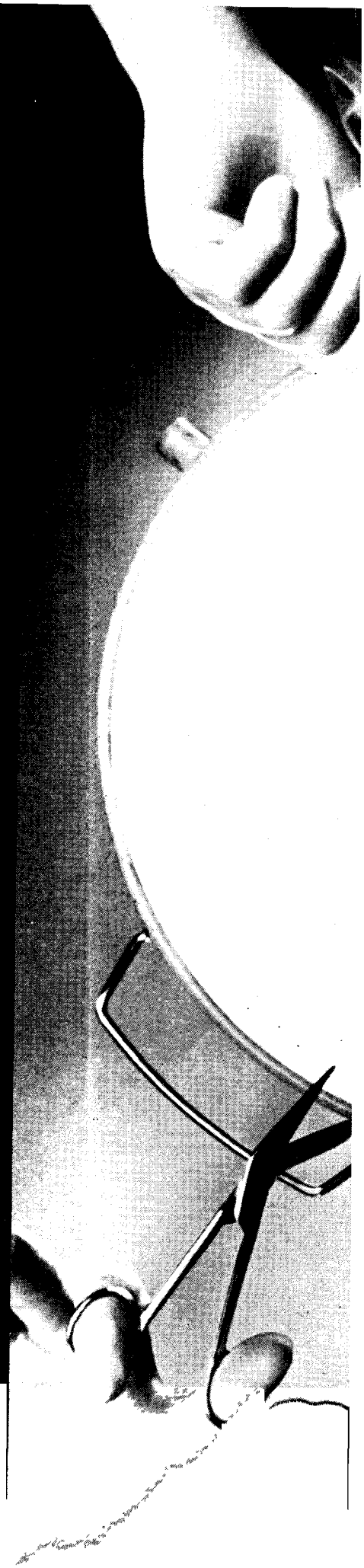

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EDITORIAL

The Conquest of Pain

RECENTLY, at the Pain Control Clinic of the University of California at Los Angeles, we witnessed a remarkable demonstration of the power of mind over body. What made the demonstration all the more striking was that it was given not by a yogi from India but by an American male in his late sixties who looked as though he had just been cast by Hollywood for a role as a bank president—tall, white-haired, pink-cheeked.

The demonstration required a single prop—a thin board, three feet by three feet, through which had been hammered about 100 nails, evenly spaced with pointed ends standing about an inch out from the surface. The nails were thin and sharp. Several members of the UCLA medical-school faculty examined the board to make sure that no mechanical trickery was involved. They also placed the palms of their hands on the upright nails and agreed that it would take very little pressure to drive them into human flesh and produce heavy bleeding.

The white-haired gentleman removed his shirt and undershirt, lay down next to the board, and rolled onto the board with his back pressed against the sharp, protruding nails. You could hear the skin pop as the nails sank into his flesh. Yet he exhibited no sign of pain or discomfort.

He remained supine on the board for several minutes, then rolled off. Again, we could hear a popping as his flesh came off the nails.

Except for one site on the left shoulder, there was no bleeding anywhere on his back. There were, however, several dozen inflamed punctures up, down, and across his back, some of them on the spine. The prominent red welts indicated all too clearly that the nails had cut more than a half-inch into the flesh. Yet there had been no perceptible pain or, aside from the spot on his shoulder, any bleeding. It was significant, perhaps, that the bleeding of this one spot ceased when it was called to his attention.

How to account for what we had just seen? Had the man always been impervious to pain?

No, he said. He had the same pain sensations as anyone else—except when he consciously ordered his mind to preside over his bodily functions. Raising his threshold of pain to a level where severe assaults could be readily absorbed, he said, required intense concentration and, indeed, a mobilization of his total being.

The physicians present at the demonstration agreed that the pain would have been unbearable if the man's mind had not been able to regulate bodily functions that are supposed to be beyond the reach of the conscious intelligence. Even more remarkable was the evidence that the blood-clotting process could be accelerated or enhanced through mental control.

What puzzled me most of all about the demonstration was the way the man's body coped with the danger of infection. The nails, far from being sterilized or even washed, had been exposed to all sorts of possibly septic substances—our own hands when we tested their sharpness, the wall against which they had been leaning, the protective cloth covering; and so on. Physicians have learned the importance of meticulous sterilization for any needle or knife that is to cut into vulnerable human flesh. Yet here was a man causing his body to be punctured by several dozen unsterilized pieces of metal. I telephoned him a week or so after the demonstration and ascertained that there were no untoward effects. Can human will combat infection as well as pain? The implications are indeed staggering.

Dr. David Bressler, head of the UCLA Pain Control Clinic, who was present at the nail-board demonstration, found substantiation in what he had seen for his belief that people can be conditioned to forgo anesthesia in a number of surgical procedures. Since anesthesia carries with it a certain degree of risk, an effective alternative is highly desirable.

One of the possible explanations for the apparent absence of pain in the demonstration we had seen relates to the ability of the brain to supply the body with morphinelike substances known as endorphins. These substances, which have been identified in recent years through research on brain chemistry, act as a natural anesthesia that can lessen extreme pain. The effective use of acupuncture in place of anesthesia in surgery has been well documented in the medical press. Now research has established that acupuncture, by making contact with certain meridians of the nervous system, activates the pain-killing endorphins. This research has led to speculation that endorphins are also involved in the process by which placebos overcome pain.

Whether or not this theory accounts for the conquest of pain in the nail-board demonstration, the fact remains that medical science is developing a genuine respect for the ability of human beings to push back their supposed limitations. Over centuries scientists and philosophers have been able to stand on common ground because of a question containing only five words: What is a human being? The more this question is probed, the greater the respect and awe they have for the upward possibilities of human evolution. And the fact that the human mind is capable of scrutinizing itself creates a sense of adventure.

Nothing in the universe has more grandeur than the infinity of the human mind. Even pea-sized computers capable of forecasting the movement of the galaxies are not more wondrous than the mysterious human creature that produced them. The ultimate frontier is not geographical or spatial but intellectual.—**N.C.**

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Health Nut

S.J. TRESS is a retired English teacher who lives in Brooklyn. She has written me several times during the past few years, always signing herself S.J. Tress—never a Mrs., Miss, Ms., or any indication of what S.J. stands for. She has assured me, though, that she is, indeed, a *she*. I feel just a bit uncomfortable not using one of the conventional titles, but I'll refer to her simply as S.J. Tress.

I heard from her several times last fall. First, she objected to my shooting down *port out, starboard home* as the derivation of *posh*. She had made many Atlantic crossings, she said, and several sea captains had assured her that *posh* really came from *port out, starboard home*. I think that just indicates that sea captains are as easily suckered into folk etymology as anyone. I have to accept the findings of Tom Burnam, who did extensive research on the subject for his *Dictionary of Misinformation*.

Next, S.J. Tress delivered an epistolary rap to my knuckles in response to a column on *Endangered Words*, in which I had said that *healthy* seems to be elbowing *healthful* into obsolescence. *Healthful*, I said, means "conducive to health; wholesome or salutary"; I added that *healthy* can also mean "conducive to health, etc." in addition to "in good health." *Healthy* has two edges and is replacing good old *healthful*, which I hear less and less frequently. "I think this is a shame," I said, and then I suppose I got too cute and threw in a few lines in which I deliberately confused *healthy* and *healthful* in order to make my point, which was that *healthy* should mean "in good health" and *healthful* should mean "conducive to good health."

S.J. Tress, in admonishing me, said "I must state that your explanation of the difference between 'healthy' and 'healthful' was vague and incorrect. Some of my former students phoned me about that, and I agreed."

Since I think that retired teachers whose former students still phone them about things like that deserve great respect and attention, I wrote to ask in what sense I was incorrect. (I accept "vague" without question. As I said, I probably got too cute.)

She answered that *healthy* "applies to living things—persons, animals, insects, plants, trees, etc. Example—if you follow sensible dietary habits, you will be healthy. If you care for your dog, he will be a healthy animal. If you care for your plants, they will be healthy, etc." *Healthful*, she went on, "applies to that which makes us healthy. Example—Milk is healthful for babies. Most people take vitamins because they believe them to be healthful."

What S.J. Tress says and what I say are very similar, but they differ in one important particular. She says the two words *do* mean what I say they *should* mean. The sad truth is that *healthy* has so often been used to mean "healthful" that any dictionary worth its flyleaf just has to list "healthful" as one of *healthy*'s meanings. At the same time, any such dictionary should somehow note that *healthful* has a greater claim on "conducive to good health" than does *healthy*.

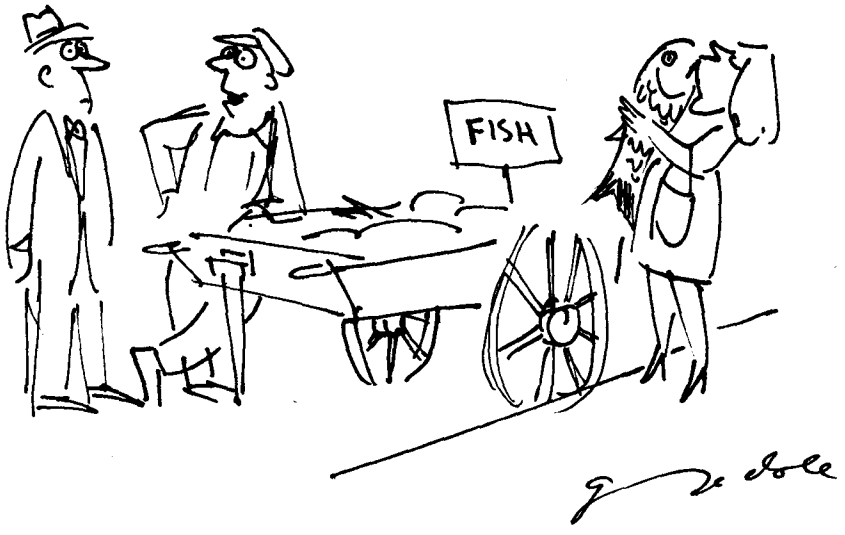
The point of my lament is that, considering the way language changes, if the present trend continues, *healthful* might some day appear in dictionaries with *Obs.* after it; it will have been retired to obsolescence; *healthy* will have taken over the whole field; and we'll have lost another useful word.

S.J. Tress and I are on the same side, but, whereas I assume a rather wishy-washy posture—viewing the trend with alarm while, at the same time, mumbling, "That's the way the cookie crumbles"—she, I think, maintains that the know-nothings who use *healthy* for *healthful* are wrong and that the dictionaries that justify them are wrong. S.J. Tress reminds me in that respect of my father, who, when he found something he disagreed with in a book—dictionary, encyclopedia, or whatever—would underline the offending phrase and write *bunk!* in the margin. If my father were alive today, he'd still deny that *contact* can be a verb: "You don't *contact* someone, for God's sake. You make contact with him!"

One of the impressions I get from the letters of S.J. Tress is that she is a linguistic positivist of the old school, like my father and all my favorite teachers of yore.

They laid down absolutes that we ignored at our peril. I'm grateful. It doesn't matter that, years later, I learned to say, "Not necessarily" to some of those absolutes. They were good for me in my formative years. I still thank Miss Welden, Miss Penney, Mrs. Haig, and the others who pounded absolutes through my thick skull, and who taught me in no uncertain terms the difference between *healthy* and *healthful*. And I'm sure many of S.J. Tress's former students are still grateful to her. Some of them even contact—whoops—keep in contact with her.

—Thomas H. Middleton



"There's someone who really loves fish!"

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Blocking the Road to Riches

THE DOMINANT firms in a $100 billion industry meet regularly to discuss prices. After a brief hearing of consumer comments, company officials decide for themselves on a common price. The rates are then published and, short of providing the service for themselves, customers have no choice but to meet the asking price.

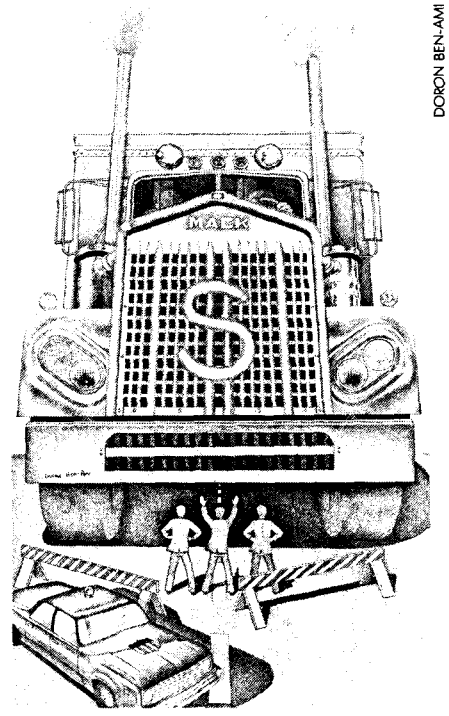
The slightest hint of such price-fixing activities would bring Justice Department lawyers running—unless, that is, the industry happens to be trucking. The nation's motor carriers, who set their prices in rate bureaus, constitute a legally protected cartel. Competition is further throttled by the chariness of the Interstate Commerce Commission in handing out operating licenses, especially the most lucrative ones. In this ideal climate, trucking concerns pull down a whopping average profit; consumers, meanwhile, are estimated to pay as much as $2 billion a year more than they would were the industry deregulated.

And deregulated it soon will be, if the Carter administration and such legislators as Senator Kennedy have their way. President Carter has tabbed trucking deregulation as a top priority for the 96th Congress. Alfred Kahn, his chief inflation fighter, has not only declared his support for change, but has already led the successful fight to strip the airlines industry of its traditional protection. Senator Kennedy has already laid the ground for reform by conducting extensive hearings in the fall of 1978.

Despite the broad consensus for deregulation, and the surprisingly easy success with the airlines industry, reform advocates are girding for a rough battle. Every president since Truman has advocated reform, but none has proved equal to the task. The large carriers that make up the American Trucking Associations, the industry's formidable trade organization, are considerably more united in their opposition to legislative change than were the airlines.

And, with members located in congressional districts throughout the country, the ATA can bring substantial grass-roots power to bear on members of Congress. So, too, can the drivers' union, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, whose two million members include 600,000 truckers, many of whom fear that deregulation would depress wages and cut into employment.

PROPONENTS OF trucking reform feel that the regulatory machinery has long since outlived its usefulness. The Motor Carrier Act of 1935, which empowered the ICC to suspend rates it found unjustified and to limit the number of trucking firms licensed to offer service, was passed as a means of protecting the fledgling two- and three-truck companies that, at the time, were ever on the edge of bankruptcy. But as firms prospered during and after World War II, the act rapidly became obsolete. Today its standards serve mainly to insulate carriers from competition—and to produce a windfall for many of them. Of the country's 15,000 regulated carriers, some 350 take in over $10 million in revenues a year. Sixty-seven trucking companies are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Rates of return on equity (profit as a fraction of outstanding stock) average close to 20 percent—far higher than the ratios that prevail in most other industries.



DORON BEN-AMI

A key prop in this protectionist scheme is the ICC's requirement that all regulated carriers obtain operating certificates for each service they provide. Only some 1,000 carriers hold the coveted "general commodity, regular route" certificates, which authorize the bearer to haul all but certain excepted goods over major intercity routes. These licenses are so lucrative that the eight largest trucking firms, all of which have this advantage, enjoy a rate of return on equity twice that of the average Fortune 500 company. The ICC will grant such a license to a carrier only if the applicant can demonstrate that its service will not damage the operations of any other carrier. But since every application produces hundreds of witnesses eager to testify that the proposed service would cause them undue hardship, new licenses have become as scarce as they are valuable. Few firms even bother to apply to the ICC for authorization; instead, they buy operating certificates from existing carriers, usually at exorbitant prices. In 1976, for instance, one bankrupt company sold its operating rights alone for $20.6 million.

The effect of such entry restrictions on competition would not be so serious if truckers did not also enjoy the other classic element of cartelization—price fixing, or, as it is more politely called, collective rate making. In the past, truckers have defended rate bureaus by pointing out that all carriers have the right to file independent tariffs; but they neglect to add that bureau members usually respond to proposals for lower rates by filing formal protests with the ICC, setting off a time-consuming, costly hearing that effectively discourages most carriers from bucking the bureaus. The ATA itself has tacitly recognized the need to reform rate-bureau procedures by preparing a bill for submission to Congress that would set zones within which carriers could move their rates up or down without ICC say-so. However, reform advocates, notably the Justice Department, say they would not be satisfied with anything less than repeal of the Reed-Bulwinkle Act, the law that has bestowed antitrust immunity on bureau activities since 1948.

Many shippers, increasingly dissatisfied with the industry's oligopolistic practices, have set up their own private trucking fleets—an undeniably expen-

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sive undertaking, but one that falls outside the ICC's purview and hence provides the shipper greater flexibility. But even here, in the unregulated sector, which accounts for 60 percent of all interstate freight, federal standards impede efficiency. In the past the ICC has prohibited privately owned trucks from carrying goods for other shippers, resulting in many empty runs. Similarly, carriers of agricultural commodities, which are also unregulated, are not authorized to haul regulated goods. Unless they decide to carry "hot" freight, as many do, they must travel empty on their backhauls. Empty trucks translate into higher rates for freight that is hauled.

Deregulation would go far toward eliminating empty backhauls and similar wasteful practices, resulting in a possible lowering of freight rates. Although the extent of any such decline is impossible to pinpoint, reform advocates point out that the exemption of poultry and frozen produce from regulation in the late 1950s led to a 20 to 30 percent fall in rates. James Miller, an economist at the conservative American Enterprise Institute, has computed the cost to consumers of trucking regulation at an absolute minimum of $2 billion a year.

THE TRUCKERS, of course, think otherwise. ATA executive Edward Kiley calls deregulation "a cure looking for a disease," pointing out that the U.S. enjoys the most advanced motor freight system in the world—an assessment with which few would quibble. Moreover, Kiley claims that major surgery would leave the patient worse off than before: "Don't think that if you disrupt the system you're going to be able to put it back together again," he says. "I'm fearful that if you flood the market with new truckers, you'll put more capacity out there than there is freight," thus damaging trucking companies and forcing many into bankruptcy. The consequent deterioration in service, he argues, would inevitably result in higher trucking rates. The Teamsters adopt a similar position. Above all, they fear that if entry restrictions are rescinded, the subsequent rush of new carriers onto the highways would, in the words of a union spokesman, produce a "dislocation so prolonged" as to bring about a "really serious unemployment situation."

With such common interests in maintaining the status quo, the carriers' and drivers' organizations, each of which by itself can boast impressive political power, will be submerging their usual differences in favor of a formidable antideregulation alliance. Even as they continue to glare at one another over the bargaining table during their current contract talks, the ATA and the Teamsters will be coordinating their lobbying efforts on Capitol Hill, where neither lacks for friends. Both have long been generous campaign contributors: In 1976 alone the union gave $163,000 to candidates for national office, and the ATA, $174,000. The industry is on good terms with the House Public Works Committee, particularly its Surface Transportation subcommittee, with which it has worked hand-in-hand in administering the highway trust fund. In fact, committee chairman Harold T. Johnson (D-Calif.) and Transportation subcommittee chairman James J. Howard (D-N.J.) sent a letter last December to ICC chairman A. Daniel O'Neal, asking him to suspend the commission's moves to deregulate the industry through administrative means. O'Neal respectfully refused.

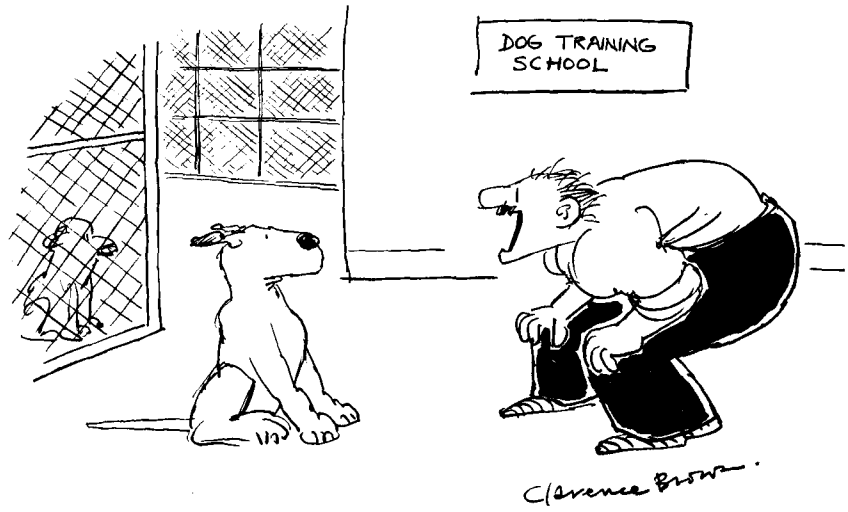
Challenging the industry will be an odd couple of liberal fixtures, such as Senator Kennedy, Common Cause, and Ralph Nader's Congress Watch, and bastions of free enterprise like the American Conservative Union and the American Enterprise Institute. Reform leaders will attempt to team the consumerist appeal of the former with the economic logic of the latter to enlist broad support from an inflation-weary public. They may enjoy a tactical advantage in the Teamsters' generally low standing in public esteem. The Teamsters, moreover, may be willing to bargain away some of their opposition to reform in exchange for a more lenient administration view toward their contract negotiations, now regarded as a bellwether for the President's anti-inflation program.

Deregulation will proceed even in the absence of legislation. Like Kahn at the CAB, ICC Chairman O'Neal has committed himself to paring away many of the commission's anticompetitive standards. Over the last two years the commission has considerably loosened entry requirements for carriers of specialized goods (though not for haulers of general commodities). Last fall it proposed that rate increases be limited so that carriers' return on equity not exceed 14 percent. The commission has also moved against a 43-year-old guideline that prohibits private carriers from hauling regulated goods.

The ATA has filed suit several times to block these unilateral reforms. Their litigious zeal may reflect a covert fear on the part of some industry officials that once ICC reforms begin to take hold, some carriers might discover that they can live with deregulation. "The ICC now is where the CAB was three years ago," says Stanton P. Sender, treasurer of the National Industrial Traffic League, a shippers' association. "Until the CAB began changing its policies, the airlines were as united in opposition as the trucking industry is now. But when the CAB began doing what the ICC is doing now, some airlines began to change their attitude. If the ICC continues to undermine the status quo, there could be a split-up in the trucking industry." And should the powerful trucking alliance finally weaken, the ultimate question will be not whether trucking deregulation will succeed, but how far the reform movement can go.

—Michael Massing

Mr. Massing is a freelance writer living in New York City.



"No, stupid! Not wow-wow! Bow-wow!"

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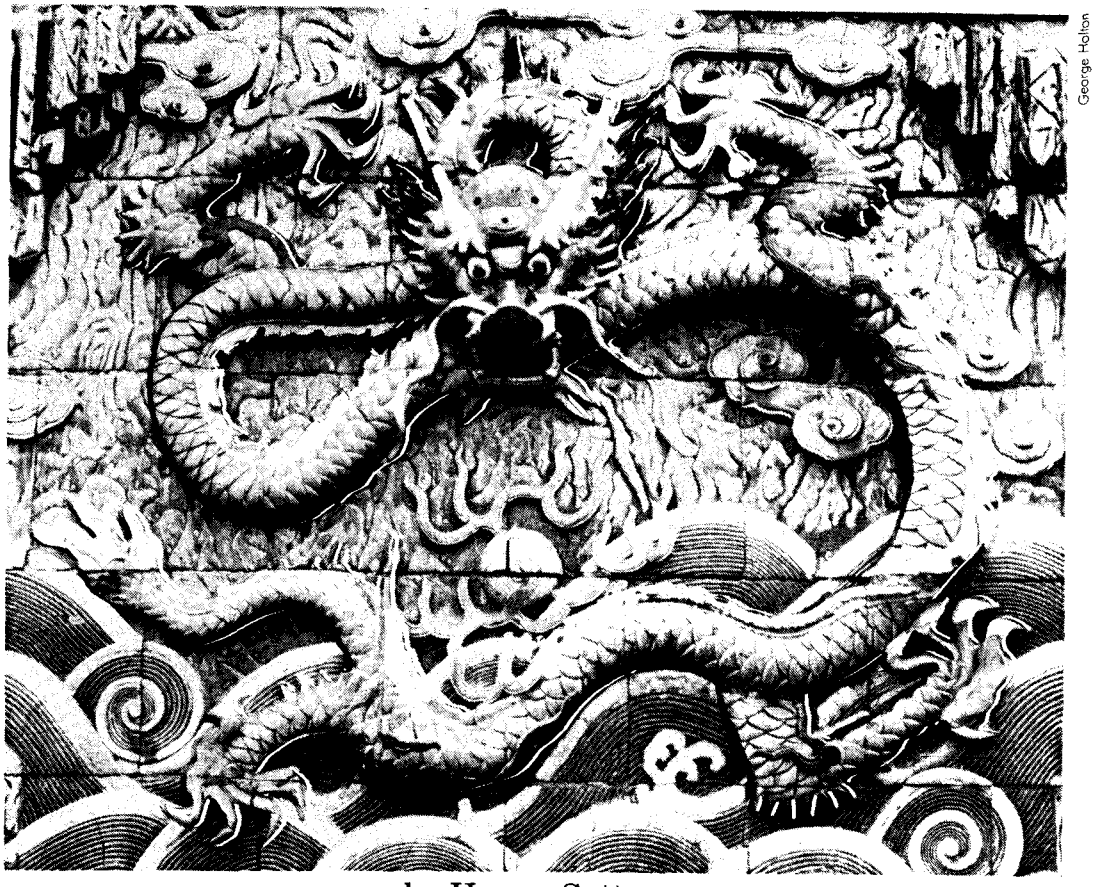
CHINA
Rushing to Join the World


George Holton

by Horace Sutton

I WILL CALL HIM TAN. He is in his late twenties, speaks cultivated English and descends from a family of Chinese intellectuals. In Canton late last fall, as we walked together through Lie Shi Ling Yuan, the Memorial Garden to Martyrs of the Canton Uprising, during the waning days of a chrysanthemum festival, we stopped in front of a lurid poster showing soaring rockets, sleek airplanes, steaming factories, and the bright faces of young people seeking some scientific Utopian future. Tan translated for me. On the rocket was lettered: Marching Toward the Year 2000.

Below was a table of hopeful attainments: "By 1985 we should realize an annual steel output of 60 million tons ... a grain output of 500 million tons ... 120 large construction projects ... 10 iron and steel plants ... 8 coal and coke complexes ... 9 nonferrous mining operations ... 10 oil fields ... 10 large electric power plants ... 6 trunk railways ... 5 key ports ... 30 new power stations...."

Tan finished the long enumeration and turned to me, his voice taut with apprehension. "Do you think we can make it?" he asked.

His anxiety lies at the very epicenter of China's new pragmatism: its recently signed trade treaty with Japan which was its bitter oppressor during the years of what is still called here the Anti-Japanese War; its rapprochement with the United States which until the edge of the Nixon visit was vilified as an imperialist devil surrounded by its "running dogs." It is the motivating force behind the recent visit to the United States of senior deputy prime minister, Teng Hsiao-p'ing, of Teng's earlier tours of Southeast Asia, and of Chairman Hua's excursions last summer into Yugoslavia and Rumania at the fringes of the Soviet orbit.

The Memorial Garden seemed to exude a festive air that day as we strolled through it. A splendid dragon of papier-mâché and fresh flowers, 120 feet long, shook its head and waved its tail at the entranceway. An elderly man relaxed by performing, with no self-consciousness, the two-edged sword dance using an old stick. Under the pine trees card players were absorbed in a game of t'ai chi. The dealer carried a baby in a papoose sack. Vendors served hot tea and—there being no benches—the drinkers sat in their deep Asian squat, sipping contentedly. An elderly artist sketched a flower, and drew an absorbed crowd. A loudspeaker blared words in praise of Chairman Hua.

But the banners stretched across the park's pathways revealed inner pressure points. They were exhortations to "LEARN, LEARN, LEARN!" as well as a more telling one that read, "UNITE, UNITE, UNITE!" The public plea to *learn* emphasized the necessity to modernize in order to survive. The exhortation to *unite* underscored the schism that exists within the politburo between those who follow

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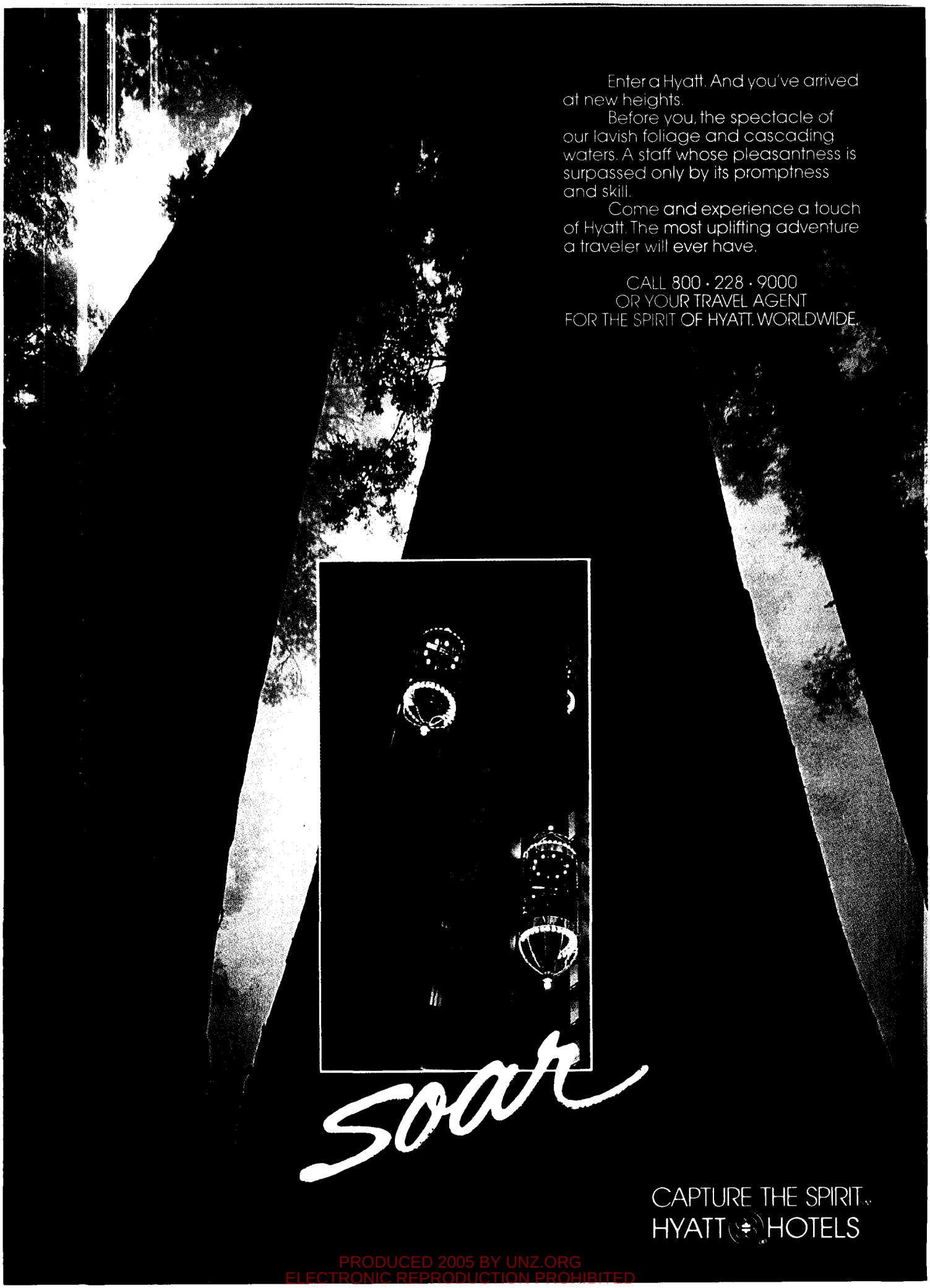
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Teng's pragmatic modernization program and those who still support idealized revolution. If China cannot emerge as a modern nation, strong enough to support its borders, healthy enough to guarantee its citizenry, however enormous in number, a reasonable quality of life, how then could the leaders prove to the people that socialism is the preferable form of government?

Three weeks later and 2,000 miles to the north, an American observer would put it to me even more strongly. It is either build up China or lose it, he said. China must protect 9,300 miles of land frontier, the longest in the world. Moreover, these borders crackle with contention.

Chinese of all political stripes believe that their ancient nation holds the right to sectors of Siberia, Mongolia, Soviet Central Asia, India, and Southeast Asia. John McCook Roots, the Mandarin-speaking, China-born biographer of the late Prime Minister, Chou En-lai, logged 150 incidents along the China-Soviet frontier in one year alone. And that frontier, as Roots points out, "runs in a great 5,500-mile arc from Vladivostok on the Pacific to Afghanistan in the Western Himalayas...." On the globe there is no common border between two nations that is longer.

In 1966 the Soviet Union had signed a defense agreement with Mongolia which, in the Soviet view, gave it the right to open bases there and to station troops. By the following year the Soviet Union had an estimated 20,000 troops on the border. A year later the dispatch of 10 Soviet divisions to the frontier jumped Moscow's military strength arrayed against the Chinese by 60 percent. Robert Sutter, an Asian affairs analyst for the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress, estimated that the Russians "could impose serious defeat on the Chinese in certain key areas, notably the more weakly defended Inner Asia areas of Sinkiang and Inner Mongolia."

In the late summer of 1968 China publicly aired its protest, linking the Soviet aggression against Czechoslovakia with incursions by Soviet military aircraft into Chinese air space. The two military exercises, the Chinese emphasized, were "in no way accidental." By March of 1969 there were open skirmishes on the Sino-Soviet border, and by late summer serious fighting broke out on the western border. The Kremlin, in a series of scantily camouflaged pronunciamentos, threatened outright invasion.

Now it was clear that the real menace came from the north where the polar bear, to use the Chinese euphemism, could snarl and reach out across the border to make a clawed swipe at its Oriental neighbor below. And it could threaten a full-scale nuclear-tipped rampage.

The Soviet-sponsored Vietnamese sweep of Cambodia that came later did more than place friends of the Kremlin on the southern border of China and point a dagger at Thailand and another south toward Malaysia, Singapore, and parts of Southeast Asia where Teng's China has sought to exert its own influence. It made a mocking waste of China's billion-dollar aid to Vietnam during Hanoi's war with America. And more than that, it reenforced the so-called Brezhnev Doctrine of 1968, fifteen years after Stalin's death, which holds that the world revolutionary movement supersedes the sovereignty of any individual socialist country. The doctrine, promulgated at the time of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, further advanced the claim that the Soviet Union is the supreme force in the world revolutionary movement. It was this assumption, following the death of Stalin, on which Mao gagged, but with the Cambodian adventure the Kremlin has made the concept stick. After all, it bid Vietnam to invade Peking's client nation at China's very border, leaving the clear implication that Moscow can, with impunity, perform similar incursions on any other socialist nation without threat of reprisal. Yet, Teng may not let Hanoi's Cambodian blitz go unanswered.

From Opium Wars to Peanut Communes

IF ANYTHING, THE EMBARRASSMENT of the Soviet-supported Vietnamese incursion into Cambodia underscored the vital need for China to transform its ancient empire, now a People's Republic, into a modern nation. Even with foreign aid, it will prove an enormous task, for China is a huge, backward nation whose material, technical, and social poverty derives from what it calls "a century of humiliation." The hundred years date from the opium wars of the 1840s until Mao proclaimed the People's Republic of China in 1949.

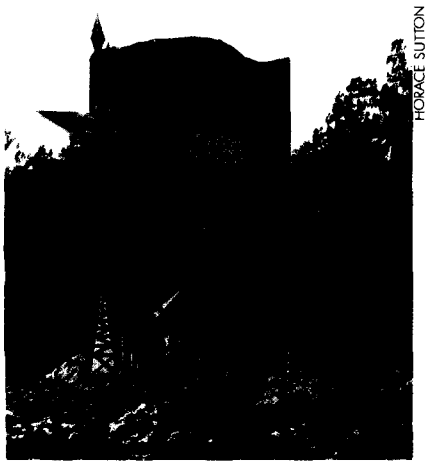
In those 10 decades China suffered forcible entry from Western imperial powers who bombarded their way into Chinese ports, forced the legalization of opium, and then denied whole areas of Chinese territory to the Chinese themselves. This gross imposition was in itself the making of many Communists, Chou En-lai and Mao among them.

To add to the depredations by Western powers, there were the humility forced by the feudalistic warlords, the mismanagement and corruption of the Kuomintang under Chiang Kai-shek, the invasion and occupation of the Japanese in the 1930s, which lasted until the end of World War II. And finally the American shunning of the People's Republic in the long years that stretched from 1949 until the Nixon visit of 1972. China's own inner turmoil during those years, especially when it entered into go-it-alone isolation and emphasized revolutionary purity, vitiated its strength and denied it the technology of Japan and the West.

All over China, as I worked my way first by hovercraft from the docks at Hong Kong to the wharf at Whampoa, and so north from Canton by rail, bus, river barge, and train to Peking, I saw shabbiness but ineffable spirit, a threadbare

JOAN COHEN

Farmer in Loyang—"Field workers hoeing, plowing, threshing with primitive tools."



HORACE SUTTON

Production goals in Canton—"Unite!"

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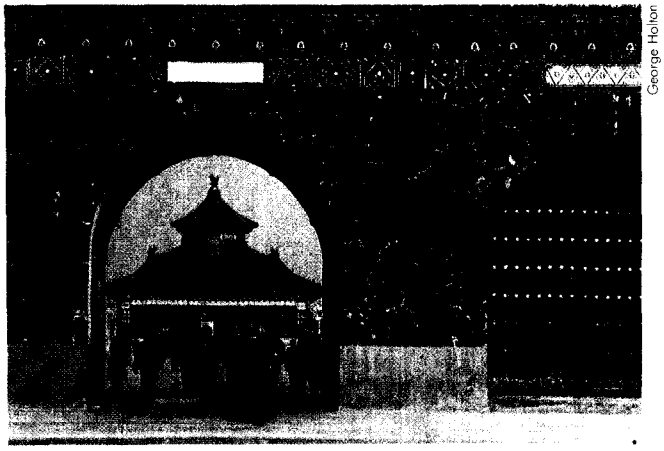

George Holton

Temple of Heaven —"The immensity of the Middle Kingdom."

society but a dignified one motivated by a common goal, a regimented people possessed not of plenty but of purpose. I saw no beggars, was witness to no abject poverty, saw no slums to compare with what stretched before me 20 years ago in Puerto Rico or last year in the South Bronx.

The spirit, the poverty, the purpose, and the backwardness were illustrated by a hundred vignettes: the primitive rice-husking in the Pearl River delta en route from Whampoa to Canton; the water buffalo swaying along the street near my Canton hotel; the donkey carts under my window in Shanghai; the straining men, straps attached to shaven heads bent along a tow path as they pulled, with their women helpers pulling too, as they sought to move their boat up the River Li in Kwangsi; the new road being put in by hand, with not a piece of machinery in sight, the men and women breaking rocks and placing them neatly in the roadbed for a foundation. The displaced Mongolian, long sheepskin coat flaring in the wind as he drove his horse and wagon past the Ming tombs outside Peking, might well have ridden right out of the Ming period which ended in 1644. The night-soil buckets, scrubbed and laid out to air along the willow-shaded streets of charming Soochow, and the barge filled with night-soil collection as it was rowed up Soochow's grand canal that stretches for miles between Hangchow and Peking, were out of another age.

Every arable plot is tilled, almost exclusively by hand, and irrigated by hand, the peasants carrying tubs of water mixed with night soil as fertilizer, spreading the slop on crops with large wooden dippers. "*Ils travaillent dur, mais ils n'ont aucun système de mécanisation ... aucun!*" a Swiss farmer said to me, his voice filled with incredulity, as we sat together on a Chinese train, his own gnarled hands pointing

Horace Sutton

Commune farmer spreading night soil—"We are still backward."

to the vast landscape of field workers hoeing, plowing, threshing with primitive tools.

In the cities, greens and cabbages harvested late in the season are hung on strings or placed on windowsills to dry, there being no available means of preservation. Primitive three-wheeler, fuel-driven plows often double as transport vehicles when farm people come to town. There are no private cars in all China, although there are trucks and some private limousines for the use of officials, as well as a few motorcycles with sidecars in the style of the Forties. The drivers of these vehicles maintain a constant cacophony of horns, deafening and disrupting to sleep and nerve ends. Most of China moves, however, on two-wheelers, as numerous as Fiats on the Via Veneto, though their very possession does pass for a sort of status symbol.

Hotels built only a few years ago seem to have aged overnight like a human who has turned gray and wizened with sudden tragedy. Toilets are in disrepair, walls are cracked. Paint peels. Even new hotels, not yet open, show marks of shoddy workmanship, and this in a nation renowned for its artfulness and magnificent craftsmanship.

A two-hour jolting ride over a road now being repaired—by hand—I visit the commune of Hua Tung and greet Hsueh Ching-hui, 53, an administrator of the head office. We sit in a reception room set with pots of tea, plates of oranges and peanuts, spittoons on the floor, photographs of Hua and Mao on the wall.

Hua Tung is a large commune of 110 square kilometers—some 40 square miles. Of its population of 51,710, about 48,000 are field workers raising peanuts and rice. Also, there are 10 small factories that repair farm machinery. We visit one of them. It seems less like a factory than a repair shop in a backwater crossroads town. Young people with neither protective goggles nor proper light are making parts for farm machinery. There are 336 small tractors on the commune, but only 60 percent of the land is worked by machine.

The commune has solved the problems of recurrent drought by building 20 small reservoirs on a hill and damming a river. Although there were seven months of drought in the 1977-78 season, the grain output was higher than the harvest of 1976 and triple that produced in the days before "liberation," i.e., before the assumption of power by the People's Republic in 1949.

Three small hydroelectric plants have made it possible for every home to have electricity. Since the establishment of the commune each family has built one new house, mostly of mud bricks. We visit the house of Wang Lien-hao, a housewife who lives in spotless quarters with her husband, a driver in Canton. Their two principal material possessions are a green ceiling fan and a radio. They have three boys and a girl, the youngest still in school. The walls are decorated with photos of sons in the Red Guard, of the Chinese-built bridge over the Yangtse at Nanking, of Chou En-lai, Mao Tse-tung, and Chu Teh, known as the father of the Chinese Red Army. The officials are now dead. Mrs. Wang works in the fields. At home she goes to the well with her dipper, cooks over her three burners using rice stems for fuel. If she or her family becomes ill, there is a public health center in each of the 23 production brigades. They pay 20 fen or 12 cents a month as a fee entitling them to medical treatment that is otherwise free. There are now 27 primary and middle schools on the commune.

Despite the progress in the production figures, there has been little effort to modernize. Says Mr. Hsueh, the administrator, "Not much has been done in scientific farming. No mention has been made of mechanization of the farming methods, although some machinery was imported in 1960. We understand the use of irrigation and fertilizer and we understand that water is the lifeline. In 20 years we are still

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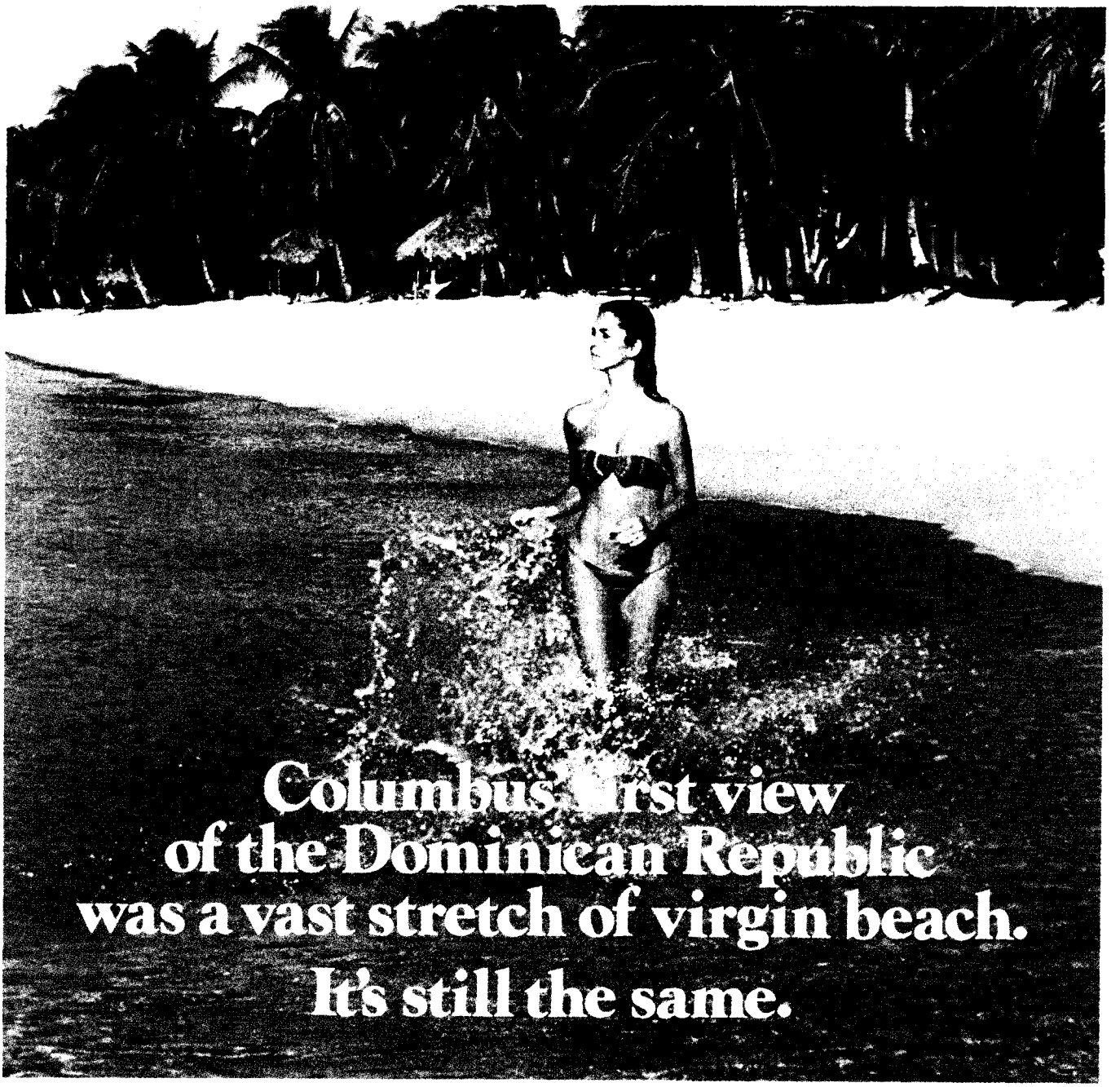

Columbus' first view of the Dominican Republic was a vast stretch of virgin beach. It's still the same.

Photographed at Minitas Beach, Casa de Campo.

Except that these once uncharted beaches now have names. Like Bayahibe, Minitas and La Laguna along the southern Caribbean shore and Playa Grande and Sosua in the North. Like Columbus, you can feel the fine, white sand between your toes here in the 484-year-old place that's just beginning to happen. The unspoiled Dominican Republic.

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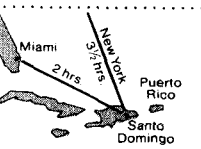

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Horace Sutton

Red Army recruiter–"Watching."

backward compared to advanced countries. We will learn from them."

Our bus rolled from the commune and as his caught mine, my eyes fixed on those of a Red Army soldier watching our group depart. He was on the commune to recruit young men for the army. Otherwise there was no way for those in the commune to move elsewhere, take other jobs, live in other parts of the nation, or embark on a different life. Unless some quirk of fortune moved them elsewhere, they would live and die on the commune.

The Realities of a Workers' Village

SHANGHAI IS CHINA'S LARGEST CITY and, with nearly 11 million people, more than 5½ million of them living in the center of the city, it is the largest metropolis in the world. Once it existed mainly for the interests of foreign powers who obtained "concessions" here, foreign quarters occupied by traders, an enclave from which, in the ultimate humiliation, Chinese were themselves barred. Since the liberation of 1949, Shanghai, with its river access to interior China and, equally, its route by way of the Whangpoo River and the Yangtse to the Pacific, has become a prime manufacturing port city. Construction sites burgeon everywhere, cranes stand in silhouette above the rooftops, and the black haze of smog lies like a plague over the city. It is a metropolis that seethes with excitement, vies with Peking, breathes sophistication, is tense with politics. If Peking is Washington, then Shanghai is New York.

In a worker's village on the edge of Shanghai, built in 1951 to house 70,000 people who belong to 19,000 households, I visit the apartment of Hsu Shui-teh, who is 49, and his wife, Chang Ching-shen, 47. He works as a buying agent for a paper mill; she works in a printing factory. He makes 90 yuan a month ($54) and she earns 73 yuan ($43.80). Like all Chinese workers, they get no vacations with pay, work six days a week, and take off only Sundays and national holidays. They pay less than $2.50 a month for rent, another $1.20 for heat and electricity. Each year they pay $1.50 for gas. He and his wife begat and raised three children in a room that measures about 9 by 12 feet. Most of the space is taken by two beds placed end to end, leaving a patch of open floor space between the edge of the beds and the cabinets which hold the rest of their possessions. There are a radio and a few artificial flowers. The most prized is a television set that cost $135; the most necessary, a bicycle ($90) that takes him to work. While they were growing up, the three children lived with the family in the single room, but one son, now 22 years old, works on a farm, the second son is at a university. A 17-year-old daughter, Shui-mei, which means Plum, came in from school as we talked. With Plum at home and the two boys away, the family spends $48 a month on food. It must be cooked in a hall kitchen which is shared, as is the bath, with two other families.

With his television set Mr. Hsu has no need to go to the cinema. The spare time from his 48-hour week is further occupied with compulsory political study twice a week. He is able to spout the party line and tells me, "With the smashing of the Gang of Four under Chairman Hua, things have been put right, and with the four modernizations we will be improving our life and we will not be bullied by any imperialists." He says it jovially with a deep laugh, and no apparent comprehension that I represent what his government not long ago scored as the sine qua non of offensive imperialist nations. He knows the name of the president of the United States, and he can also rattle off the names of the Gang of Four, a radical group of politburo members headed by Mao's wife, Chiang Ch'ing. A little over a month after Mao Tse-tung's death and a week after Hua Kuo-feng took over as chairman, the government announced the arrest of the Gang of Four and charged them with a broad distortion of Mao's ideas for the revolution, particularly in seeking an egalitarian system of open universities that destroyed the seats of higher learning and harassed the professors and other intellectuals. They upset factories, slowed production, thwarted scientific advancement. In short they blunted the advance of the four modernizations—agriculture, industry, education, and national defense—that had first been broached by Teng before he, too, was purged after Chou's death.

Ever since the demise of the Gang of Four they have been vilified as the scapegoats for almost anything that went wrong in China during the turbulent years of the early Seventies. Hsu and his household, as well as the workers in his village, had learned their lesson well. The smashing of the Gang of Four means a new enrollment system in school and this gives new hope to Plum, whose education was interrupted when schools were closed. She has made up lost time, maintains an average in the high nineties, hopes to be a doctor, wants to go abroad, especially to Japan or the United States.

Her father's aspiration is to be taken in as a member of the Communist party, an elite group that now numbers 35 million. As for his wife, Chang Ling-shen, were she not already working, she would be sent to one of the 18 processing workshops assigned to unemployed housewives in the workers' village. Here the women labor at processing toys and watches and at making diapers, a sort of cottage industry performed on a communal scale in community workhouses. Chang Ling-shen's aspiration, less grand than those of the other two members of her family, is merely, like that of many women in many parts of the world, to gain a little more room in which to live. At 46 she is only four years away from retirement. At 49, her

'They upset factories, slowed production, thwarted scientific advancement, destroyed seats of higher learning.'

husband is 11 years away. Were he a teacher or doctor he would be retired at 55 rather than 60. After retirement, a citizen is entitled to 70 percent of his last monthly pay.

Here the Chinese follow the traditional obligation to take care of the elderly. There is no prevalence of old-age nursing homes. Elderly parents live with their sons and daughters and are supported by the state.

Since four out of every five Chinese work in agriculture, however, and agriculture seems likely to be the mainstay of the nation in the foreseeable future, even with the modernizations, much of China's medical energy has been spread into the country. To treat those in the fields, a vast corps of "barefoot doctors," some of them trained in city hospitals, but others in communes, works in the fields with the peasants, treating their charges on location.

When the Communist government assumed power in 1949, it faced large problems from venereal disease and with opium addiction, which afflicted nearly 20 percent of the huge population of Shanghai. The opium, which had been forced on the Chinese by the British, and made legal by their bidding after the Second Opium War, was further spread by the Japanese in Manchuria after their conquest of that northern area in 1932. Peasants were forced by their warlords to grow poppies. Employing everything

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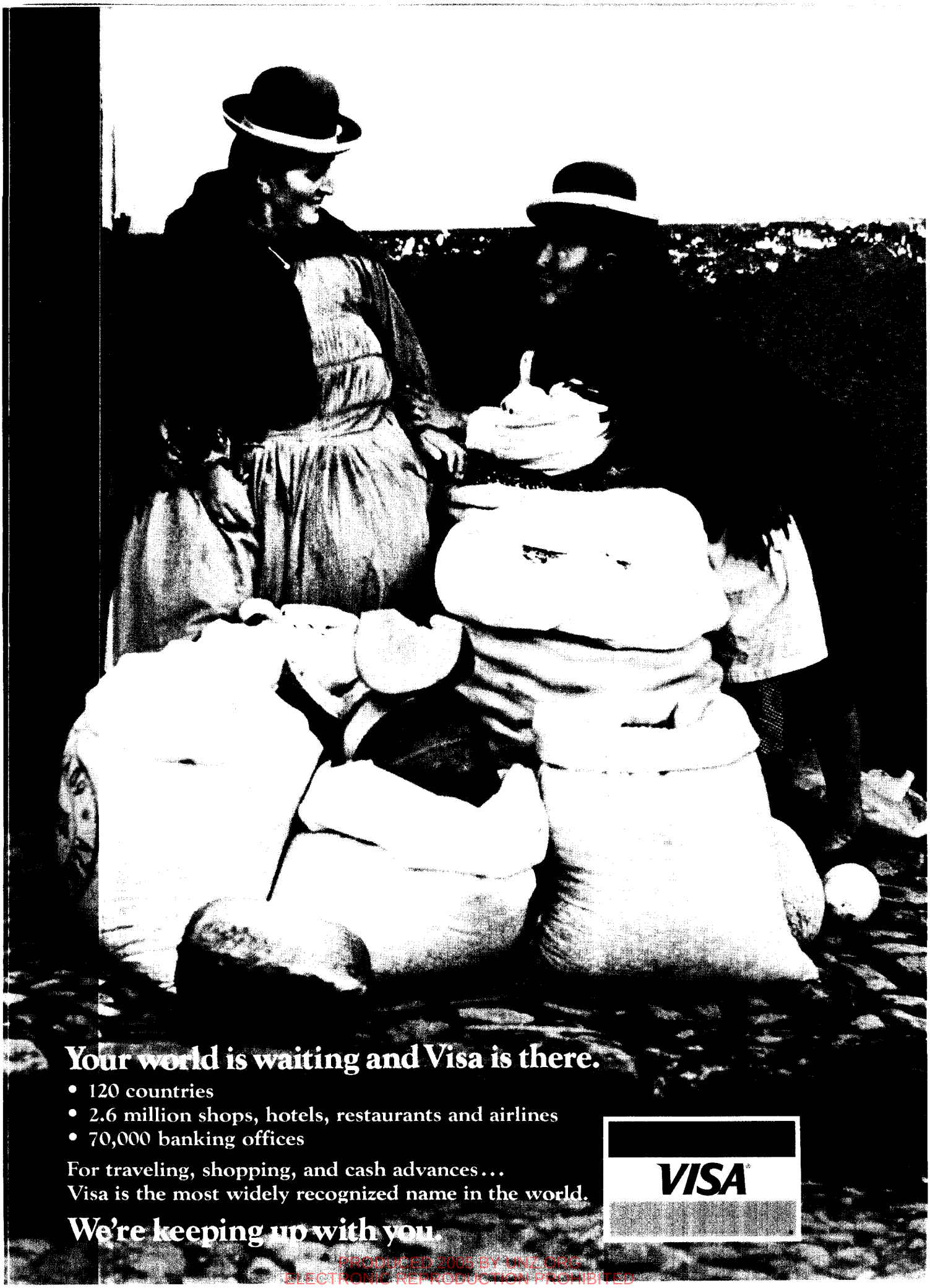
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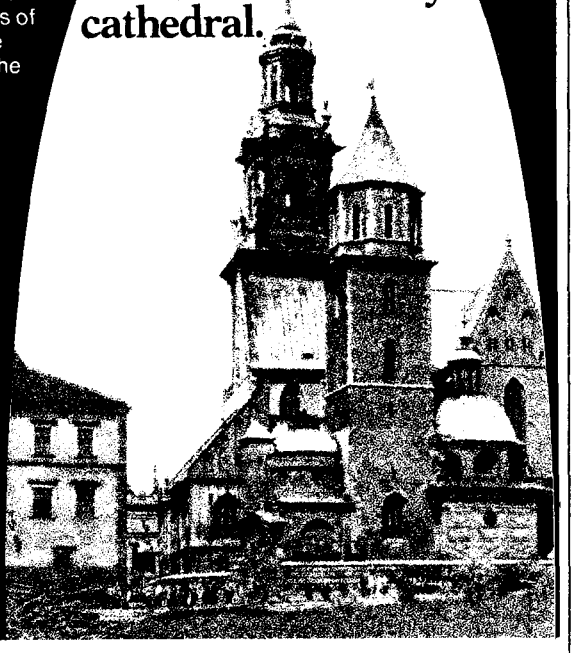

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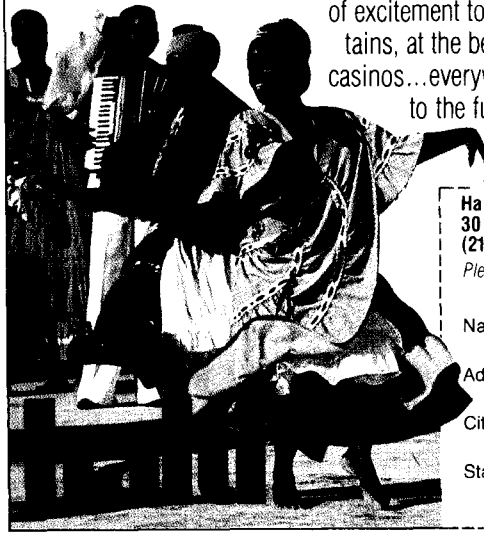

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from execution to detoxification, the Communist administration was able to stamp out addiction in five years.

The Chinese, who feel more comfortable if they can identify ills, benefactions, or national movements by the numbers, launched a campaign in the Fifties against the Four Pests—sparrows (who ate grain), flies, mosquitoes, and rats. Later, upon the successful elimination of sparrows, the Four Pests were altered to include bedbugs. Flies have not been eliminated in the People's Republic, nor have bedbugs. Mosquitoes apparently have not been eliminated either because netting is in evidence at several hotels, especially in the south. Dogs, not mentioned, are extremely rare. I saw none in three weeks.

The Soviet Rift and the Pragmatic Turn

IN THE NEW MASSIVE TURN toward pragmatism, and the dependence of China on the know-how of more developed nations, it is interesting to recall that Mao's dictum was the precise obverse. Maintain independence, keep the initiative in our hands, and rely on our own effort. That philosophy is lettered on a massive statue of Mao at the mighty Yangtse River Bridge, which links the north and south banks of the river, providing a tie between Peking and the lower Yangtse Valley, a lowland that takes in both Nanking and Shanghai. When the bridge was started in 1960, China did not have the capability to produce the steel necessary for the cables, girders, and supports, and so it turned to the Soviet Union, its Communist partner and mentor. The Russians signed a contract with the Chinese for the building of the bridge, but the work was scarcely begun when a rift appeared in Sino-Soviet relations, a fracture that had its origins with the death of Stalin in 1953.

Mao may well have believed, in the words of A. Doak Barnett, the Sinologist who is a senior fellow in the Brookings Foreign Policies Studies program, that Stalin's inheritors were lesser men, and that Mao himself was now the senior statesman of world communism. Khrushchev's startling de-Stalinization speech in 1956 rocked the Chinese who, in Barnett's words, feared "it might threaten the legitimacy of Communist regimes and parties everywhere, weaken the Communist bloc, and affect the worldwide struggle against the capitalist world adversely." Mao worried that the same fate might befall him as had come to Stalin. Hadn't he, too, developed a cult of personality? Were not the Russians laying down Social-

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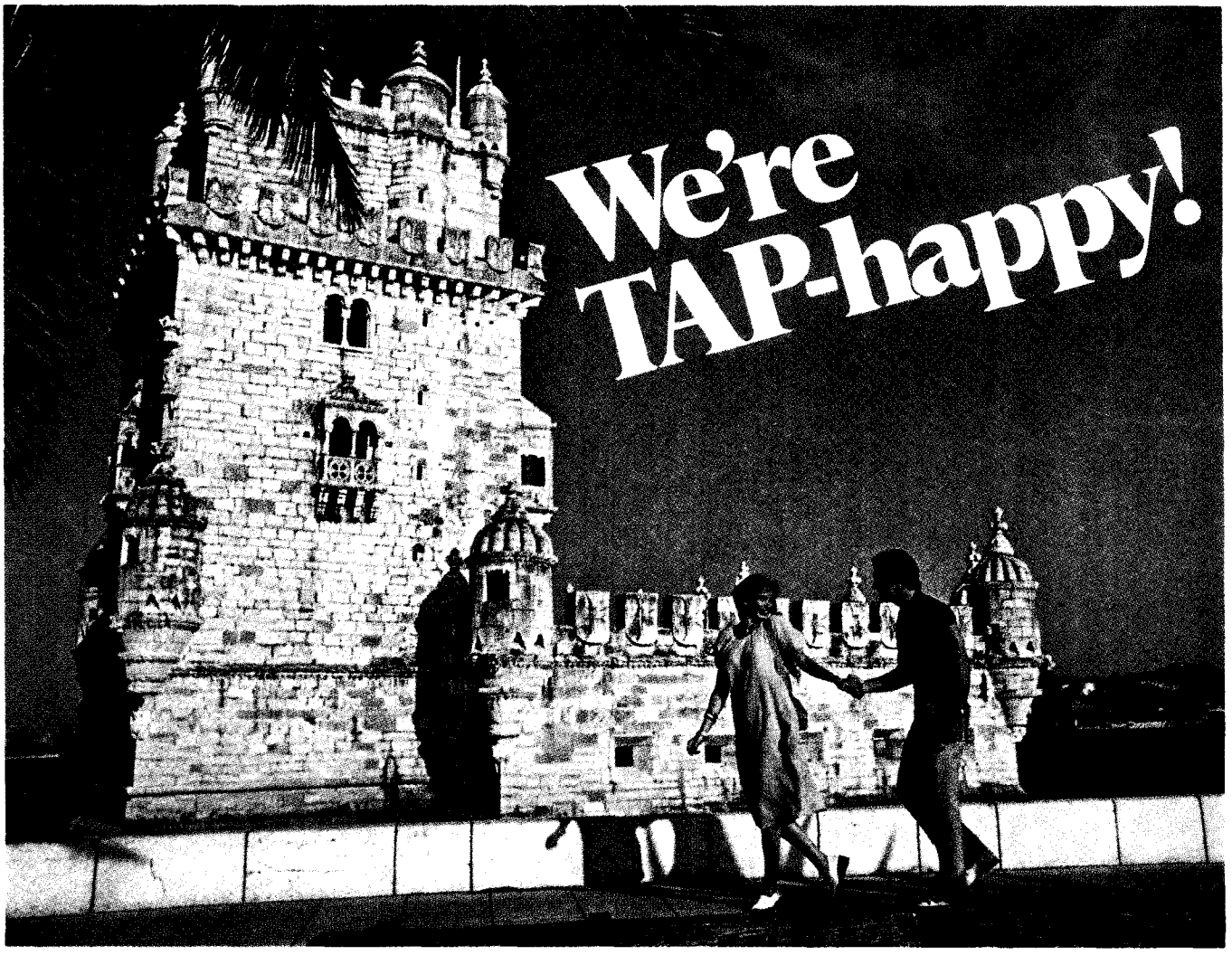

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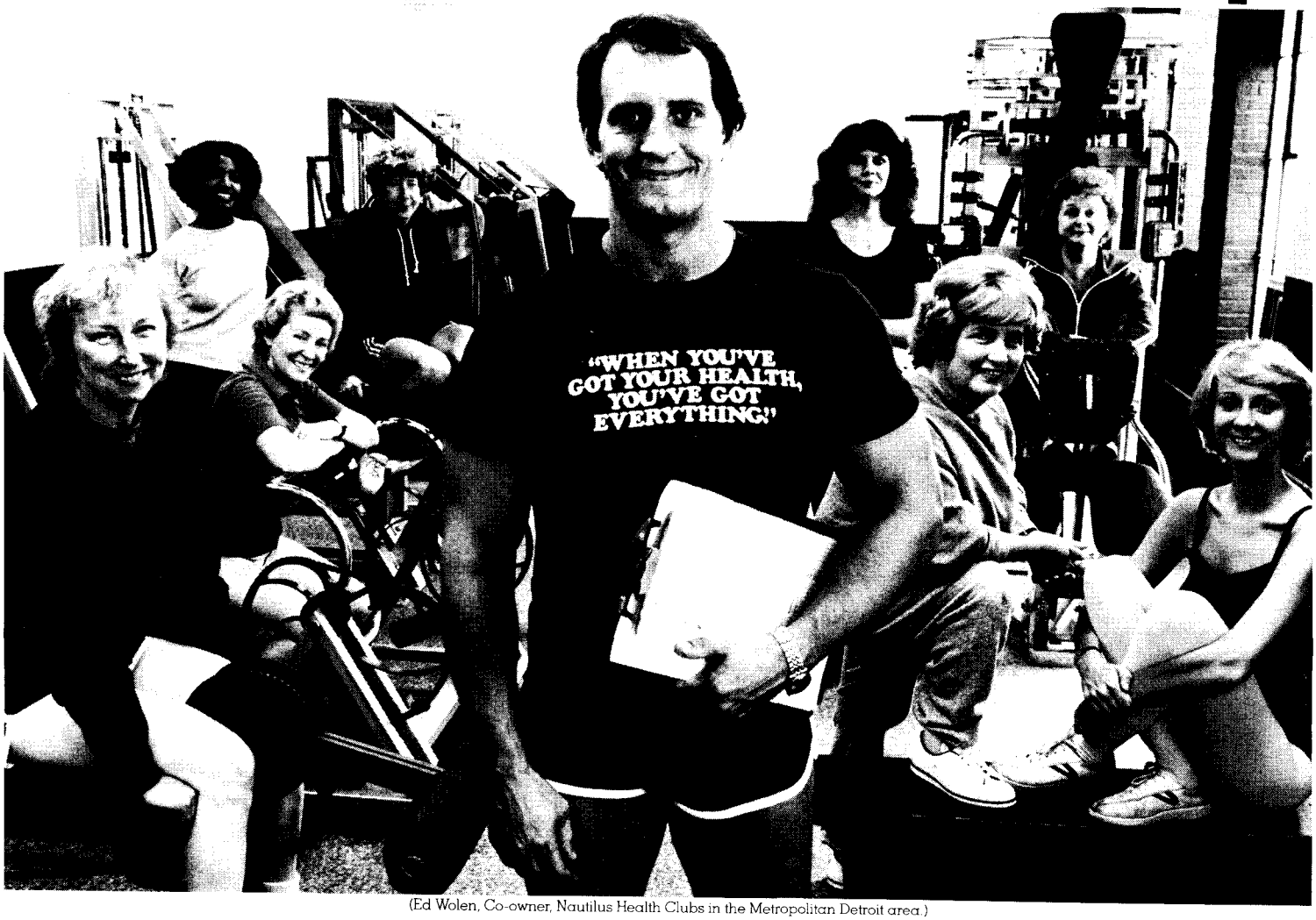

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ist policy without consulting the Chinese for *their* views? Khrushchev was talking compromise with capitalism, whereas Mao was calling for militant global struggle. The riots in Poland and, later, the upheaval in Hungary appeared as an endorsement of Mao's worst fears. (That the Russians would move forcibly to pinch off similar divergences in Czechoslovakia 12 years later would only add to Peking's fears that the Soviet army could move south, too.)

Chou En-lai made one more trip to Moscow and tilted with Khrushchev over Albania. Chou scored him for undermining the solidarity of world communism. Khrushchev's answer was to call for a collective denunciation of Stalin. Chou gathered his delegates, marched from the hall, and laid a wreath on Stalin's tomb in Red Square inscribed to the "great Marxist-Leninist." Khrushchev responded by taking Stalin's corpse from its position on public view alongside the remains of Lenin, and having it buried in the Kremlin wall. But in China, ever since, Stalin's portrait lives, in such modest places as the assembly room of a worker's village in Shanghai, alongside Mao and Hua, and in such prominent ones as the great T'ien An Men Square in Peking, in company with Marx and Engels.

Such were the beginnings of the Sino-Soviet rift. Among the many far-reaching effects was the abrogation of the Soviet contract to build the Yangtse River Bridge. "After the Soviet revisionists," as the guide calls them now, "tore up contracts for the supply of steel," the defiant Chinese turned to the project themselves. A mill was given the project to produce the necessary steel. Seven thousand workers were massed for the bridge building. A way was found to sink the pilings in bedrock that lay below 70 feet of silted water. In 1968 the bridge, 5,171 feet long, opened for traffic, a roadway on the upper level, a dual railroad track below, a mile-long reaffirmation of China's belief in itself.

Modern China is a nation pulled together by Mao and Chou En-lai into a cohesive country no longer vitiated by corruption, usurped by foreigners, or bled by warlords and landlords. It's bound together with common purpose. Members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, who traveled through China this winter, marveled at how the Chinese had told the managers of a doorknob factory that henceforth they would produce computers. And computers were built by the doorknob factory. Although these devices were not as slick as those which might have been

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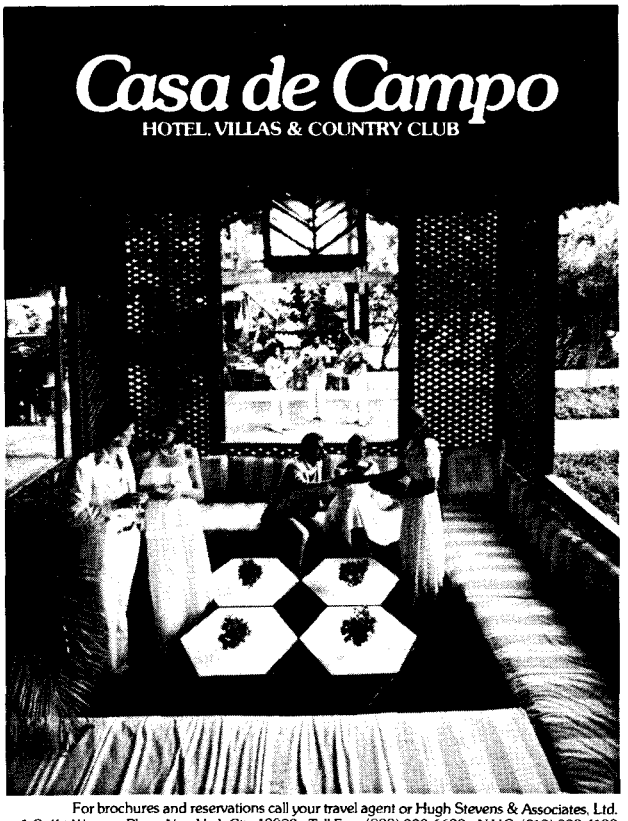

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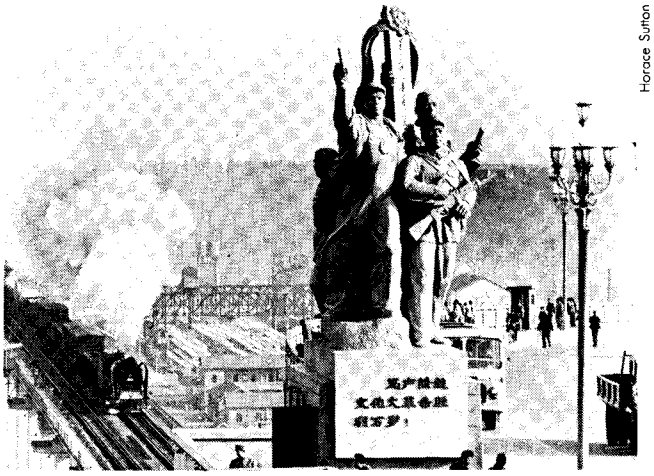
produced by IBM, perhaps, they worked.

Although the Chinese can make a computer out of a doorknob and build a mile-long bridge without outside help, they are unable to go it alone and modernize in time to survive. On a train rattling across Kiangsu Province not long ago, I sat at some length with Professor Lo Yuan-cheng, the director of the Institute of World Economics of the Social Academy of China, a teacher, as well, at Peking University. He outlined for me the scheme behind the four modernizations, beginning with the most important, agriculture. As mechanization proceeds, the farmers laid off by the advent of machines will become agricultural workers. Some areas around the farms will become small towns. A fertilizer plant would be a logical addition to such a community. Small towns will spring up to absorb the agricultural population set free by mechanization. The farm population, now comprising 70 percent of the nation, will drop to 60 percent, or perhaps 55 percent. "As we develop agriculture, we will at the same time control the birth rate. Too much population is not good for the standard of living. We are encouraging families to hold to two children.



Horace Sutton

Yangtse Bridge—"Work scarcely began when a rift appeared."

"We didn't pay attention to tourism in the earlier days, but we have learned a lesson," Lo said. Tourism yields foreign currency. Inter-Continental Hotels is talking in terms of a 1,000-room hotel in Peking. Hyatt Hotels has offered proposals with the Chinese-American architect I.M. Pei as designer. The French are pushing for hotels in Air France's Meridien group.

Said the professor, "We are trying to harness water. We have plenty of coal and can offer oil for foreign credits. Power is our greatest industrial problem and we must import the power-making machinery from abroad. In the 1950s the Soviets helped to build a power station on the upper reaches of the Yangtse at Sun Hsia. They left it unfinished and walked away. But it could become our greatest power station. We must choose to do what is most urgent, and what is most urgent is power for industry. Oh, there is plenty of water and we have enough coal for 1,000 years. And many mineral deposits. But we must trade those for foreign equipment to build our power stations.

"We have struck oil along our seashore. The urgent problem is to extract the oil. We will exchange our crude oil for foreign equipment, exchange our natural resources—coal and oil—for foreign currency, and foreign currency for equipment. But after all that, agriculture remains the foundation of the national economy and most of the material for industry comes from agriculture. The industrial community must be fed from agricultural products. If we fail to develop agriculture it will hamper our standard of living. Agricultural development is geared to industrial development. A lot of aid is going to the countryside to help technicians teach agronomy, but it is also our plan to set up our textile mills where the cotton is grown and thus reduce the population in our cities."

Who is to finance this grand plan? Where is the money to come from? The United States, Germany, Japan, France, said Professor Lo. "The most advanced, technically, is the United States. The most advanced, industrially, is Japan, and Japan is an economic animal. The quality of German products is high and the West German mark is stable. The yen is increasing in value and the dollar is down," he mused. "We will choose," he said at length, "the products from nations who can compete for the most favorable prices. China is a huge market. No amount of investment will fill China's market. We will develop industry and our appetite for products will be insatiable."

Why does China, on the very eve of its 30th anniversary as a socialist power, find itself a backward nation, its existence threatened, consigned once more to call upon foreign powers—capitalist powers—to lift it into the 20th century and guarantee its life in the 21st?

In Professor Lo's assessment—one that would hardly be argued by Chinese or Western observers familiar with recent history—China in the last 28 years expended too much effort on political struggle. "Now with the smashing of the Gang of Four," he adds quickly, "there exists an atmosphere in which to achieve the four modernizations, but we have paid too dearly for political unrest."

After the century of humiliation by foreign powers, the poverty, famine, disease, and endless wars, Mao stood at T'ien An Men Square in 1949, and, facing half a million Chinese, announced, "China has stood up." It was significant phraseology. After less than a decade of Communist control Mao opened the gates to criticism. "Let one hundred flowers bloom, let one hundred schools of thought contend," he proposed. Strangely, that invitation is similar to the official tolerance of the posters that have been appearing on Democracy Wall commencing last autumn.

But so much criticism was heaped on the government in the Hundred Flowers movement, especially by intellectuals, many of them non-Marxists, that the government was required to censure the public expression, which it did in a counter-directive called the Anti-Rightist campaign. There are those observers today who look for signs of such a crackdown against Teng's policy of democratic tolerance. Such a turn could prove critical to the euphoria of potential foreign investors.

In 1958, already chastened by the anti-Stalinist turn in the Soviet Union, Mao launched another movement, the Great Leap Forward. It was marked not only by the disastrous attempt to produce iron in backyard furnaces, but it brought political leaders into the arena of industrial and agricultural planning, allowed workers a louder voice in management, and at the same time turned toward increased collectivization, and political exhortation. It shunned such capitalist incentives as bonuses and wage benefits for superior production. Communists worked for the good of the state, not for personal reward, Mao decreed. But this was not only a city policy for factory workers; in the countryside the first commune opened in 1958, and communes generated energy using the same dicta.

The Great Leap, now considered Mao's great mistake, had its successes, but they were offset by disastrous failures. Mao was challenged by P'eng Te-huai, one of China's greatest military leaders, head of the Korean forces that faced those of the United States, a member of the Politburo and of the Central Committee of the Party, as well as Minister of National Defense. Despite his auspicious credits, and the fact—or because of it—that P'eng

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led a segment of the party that believed as he did, P'eng was dumped from the party and later arrested. It is interesting to note that Lin Piao, who took his place, and who was widely believed to be Mao's successor, led a coup against Mao and is officially reported as having been killed in a plane crash in 1971 while attempting to escape to the Soviet Union. Startlingly, P'eng was rehabilitated early in December last year.

To compound the internal tension brought on by the Great Leap, China suffered a critical drought in 1959 affecting areas of the country in which 320 million people lived. The following year, the worst floods of a century inundated sectors of the country. That was the year, as well, of the ultimate rupture of relations with the Soviet Union. Chinese students returned from Soviet universities, and Soviet technicians walked off dozens of unfinished projects in China and returned to Russia.

On top of these successive traumas came the Cultural Revolution. There are those who trace its origins to the appearance in November 1965 of a criticism of a play written by the deputy mayor of Peking, which, though it featured an official from the time of the Mings who had been unjustly sacked by an emperor, obviously paralleled Mao's firing of P'eng Te-huai. So was the criticism of the play written by a party theoretician. China was now split along two courses, one advocating Mao's concept of "uninterrupted revolution" which supported egalitarianism, anti-intellectualism, anti-elitism, and the supremacy of the masses; the other calling for pragmatism and technocracy. The Mao faction denounced the pragmatists (as espoused by Teng) as revisionist and capitalist, and called for a purging of the party movement. Thus began the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, which was to shake China to its ancient foundations and necessitate a sharp compass-turn led by rehabilitated Teng.

But long before that could happen China was to endure three years of fierce turmoil. Chou En-lai announced the start of the revolution before a massed gathering of flags and young zealots. The movement quickly got out of hand. Teenage Red Guards quit school, rampaged around the country attacking anything old and anything bourgeois. The discipline of factories was upset, colleges closed, museums were shuttered to protect their treasures. Even so, Red Guards destroyed some art objects with hammers. Anti-Maoists were given dunce hats and paraded through Peking. Professors were ridiculed, dismissed, sent to do menial

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labor in distant provinces; some were tortured, a few were among the mortal victims of the revolution. Transportation broke down, education was in a shambles, production dropped. At one point, with both Mao and Marshal Lin Piao out of the capital, a stampede of 500,000 Red Guards surrounded Chou himself in the Great Hall of the People. No one was beyond reach. Liu Shao-ch'i, chairman of the People's Republic of China, was not only purged, but denounced, called a traitor, arch-enemy and scab, hauled, with his wife, before Red Guard tribunals and humiliated.

As the tumult began at last to ebb, and the economic fallout loomed as a serious problem to the nation, Peking moved to solve some of its international entanglements to help its recovery. Richard Nixon paid his 1972 presidential visit to China. The next year Teng was restored to favor. But some of the worst was yet to come, and in rapid waves.

Chou En-lai, who had been suffering from stomach cancer, conducted the affairs of the government from a hospital bed during the last half of 1975, and died on January 8, 1976. As Chou had decreed, his ashes were scattered over the Chinese countryside. But he was scarcely dead before criticism of Teng appeared again. Mao issued a broadside which decreed that class struggle was as important as modernization and the development of science. Teng was purged for the third time and a little-known official named Hua Kuo-feng, who hadn't arrived in Peking until 1971, was appointed Acting Premier. That was February.

At the end of March, eulogies to Chou's memory began to appear, pasted on the sides of a monolith called the Monument to the Heroes of the People which stands in T'ien An Men Square. Wreaths were brought and by April 3, on the eve of Ch'ing Ming, a day when Chinese honor their dead, the decorations numbered into the thousands. Pushed, as official history would later have it, by the Gang of Four,

'In open defiance, two million people filled the square bearing wreaths.'

Chiang Ch'ing, et al., demonstrations of mourning were banned for April 4, Ch'ing Ming day, which happened to fall on a Sunday. In open defiance, two million people filled the square bearing more wreaths. They read poems, hung huge banners from flagposts reading "Dear Premier Chou, you are always in our thoughts." Two balloons trailing similar sentiments floated in the sky.

Yao Wen-yuan, one of the Gang of Four, called the observance of the Ch'ing Ming festival "outdated," and declared that the placing of wreaths in the square was nothing more than an attempt to offset the movement to criticize Teng Hsiao-p'ing. Plainclothesmen arrested many mourners at the square. On the night of April 4, 200 trucks were dispatched to the square and in the morning the wreaths were gone, along with the memorial scrolls and poems that had been affixed to the monument.

The next day, tens of thousands of mourners milled around the square, burning two Jeeps as well as a minibus bearing food for the militia. The police command post went up in flames. That night the authorities cracked down, and 200 arrests were made. Teng was declared "the mastermind behind this counter-revolutionary movement."

For China the tragedy continued. In June, Mao stopped receiving visitors; he was too ill. In July, Chu Teh, one of the triumvirate, with Chou and Mao, who led the military in the civil war, died. In July a major earthquake at Tangshan, 100 miles east of Peking, killed an estimated 800,000. Power lines were down. Steel mills were destroyed. A whole city vanished. Tremors were felt in Tientsin and Peking. A lesser nation would have sought aid; China suffered alone.

Early in September the entire nation was plunged into further mourning by the death of Mao. A month later, Hua, who had been active as a politician in the relief work at Tangshan, was selected to replace Mao. The Gang of Four who had been arrested three weeks after Mao's death was now officially charged with a plot to overthrow the government. By summer they had been expelled from the Communist Party, and Teng was once more reinstated. Hua was made premier in March of last year. Teng's influence soared, and the new era of pragmatism began in earnest.

Toward the Promise of a New Era

IN KWEILIN, THE PICTURESQUE CITY in the autonomous region of Kwangsi, I sat one night in an unheated auditorium for a signal event: the showing of two films that could never have been screened a short time before. The first, called *Buds of Spring*, was a documentary about promising music students who, during the Cultural Revolution, had not been allowed to play the music of western composers. To do so was considered bourgeois (the ban on Beethoven's music was not lifted until March 7, 1977; the ban on Shakespeare on May 25). Parents who were anxious about the future of their children scrimped and saved to buy instruments, then had their children practice surreptitiously, behind closed doors and with the piano strings muted. The second film, the love story of a fairy princess and a mortal man, had been on the forbidden list because love stories were not proletarian and love was considered somehow impure.

During the intermission, a young Chinese said to me, "During the time of the Gang of Four, wearing skirts was considered bourgeois. But, after all, the main thrust of a revolution is to give people a better life, and we can't separate the material from the spiritual. How can you prove socialism is better if people are poor? As Mao said, 'If you can't surpass the most modern nation by the end of the century, it will show that socialism is not a superior system.'" What about the Soviets? I asked. The answer snapped back instantly. "In the Chinese view, the Soviet Union is not considered a socialist country."

In Chengchow, a scruffy, dusty city that serves as the capital of Honan Province in north-central China, I spent a long morning with students, professors, and administrators of Chengchow University, a seat of learning started in the early 1950s, which now has 2,000 students and a staff of 1,000. During the Cultural Revolution, the dean explained, work in teaching and scientific research was "sabotaged." Courses in basic theory were badly undermined and literature and the arts were "cut off." A system of so-called "practical experimentation" became popular: Students could learn what they thought they needed. Student discipline was undermined. There were no exams. Poor students and good students were held in the same standing. Some students slept late and never went to class. There was no record to show if the students were even in residence. In a department of 100 students, perhaps a dozen went to class. Research was eliminated; the quality of teaching plunged.

Now Chengchow is hurrying to attain the standard set by the National Educational Conference. Discipline and regulations have been restored, and teachers who were eliminated have been given back their positions. "But," as the dean and other officials, some of them in blue padded suits and blue caps and thus indistinguishable from common laborers, emphasized, "we lost 10 years."

In English class I talked to two young students, Chang and Yeh. Chang, already in his mid-20s, had spent four years in the army and three years in a factory before entering the university in 1976. Yeh, who had been admitted to the university directly, and was younger, carried a more finished air. In China this year's freshman class, which entered the university after taking competitive examinations, is said to be far superior to seniors who entered college during the open-university, egalitarian years, and were, so to speak, un-

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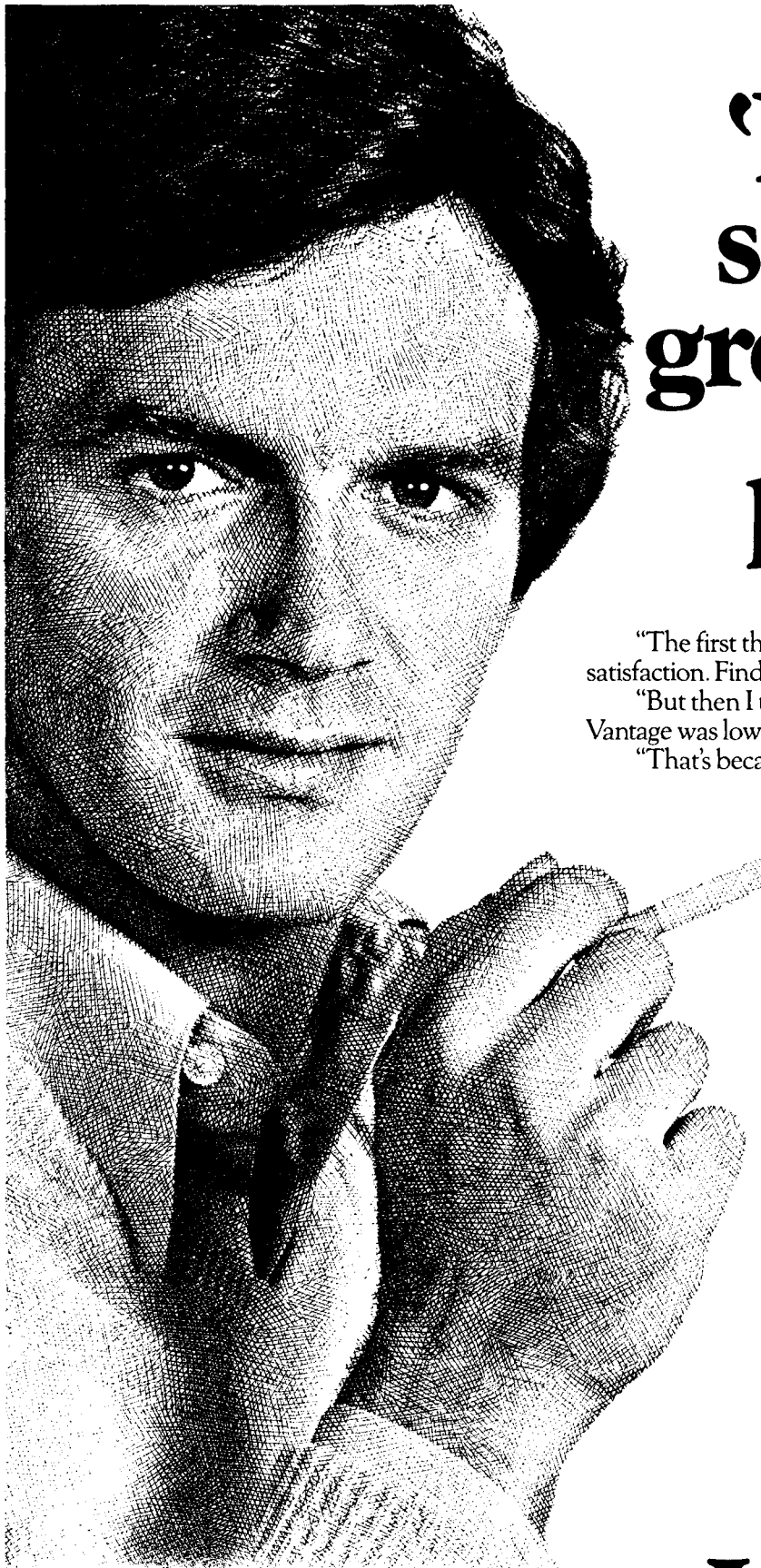

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Chengchow's students study world history, British history, and American history. "Without your independence war," one student told me, "there would be no United States." At one point an American traveling companion asked for help. She was besieged by English-speaking girl students who had asked her about Nathan Hale, and she was 60 years removed from the study of that patriot. I began with a short synopsis about Hale, his small role in the revolution, how he had gotten caught while spying for the American forces against the British, and who, before being hanged, had uttered the immortal words....I got as far as "I only regret that I..." when all those shrill Chinese voices joined mine and we said together, "have but one life to lose for my country." Applause and giggles met the end of the recitation.

In the same northern city I visited an enormous textile mill which employs 6,000 workers who operate 100,000 spindles and 1,900 weaving looms, laboring eight hours a day, six days a week. Women who are pregnant work a six-hour shift. There are no paid vacations, but there is a bonus system and the manager is appointed by a municipal committee. Everyone attends three-hour political sessions run by the Communist Party. Except for two years when the Gang of Four was in power (when only 60 percent of the quota was met), the textile mill has been overfulfilling the work assigned to it.

But the most interesting thing about the Chengchow mill is that despite the searing schedule, the workers, whose city lies astride the important rail line between Peking and the south and west, built their own air-raid shelter. They mobilized the work forces, set about the digging. The first layer is more than 42 feet deep, the second nearly 50 feet, and the third over 60. The tunnels lead to rooms set with granite tables covered with oil cloths. Even at this level, the sayings of Chairman Mao decorate the walls. I counted 1,380 strides, each about a yard long, from the bottom level to our exit. We came up alongside a chute in the center of a play yard for kindergarten children. They, China's precious future, sang "One Hundred Flowers Homage to Chairman Hua," holding up his picture at the finale, and followed with a catchy ditty called "The New Constitution Is Fine." Neither number matched the seven-year-old who, in the Children's Palace in Shanghai, had boomed out a deep-voiced solo of lament called "My Taiwan Island."

Chenghow's textile factory force can evacuate itself and hide underground

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in 10 minutes flat. The shelter can sustain 10,000 people for a month, but it can also be used as a stronghold in case of a land war.

I thought about the underground shelter and its exhortation— "Hold Aloft Chairman Mao's Great Banner, Carry the Proletarian Revolution to the End"—that evening as we rode the night train to Peking. We arrived in the capital on a bright, blue-sky Sunday morning, the very week that President Carter was to announce, after 29 years, the recognition by the United States of the People's Republic of China. In T'ien An Men Square long lines of soldiers stood in a queue to get their pictures taken with the Gate of Heavenly Peace as a background. Public messages were pasted on the Martyr's Monument alongside three 10-yuan notes—about half the monthly salary for a worker—offered as a down payment for a monument to honor the dead prime minister. That afternoon enormous crowds lined up, our group along with them, to march silently past the remains of Chairman Mao, welder of the nation, but a mortal man capable of errors despite his deification.

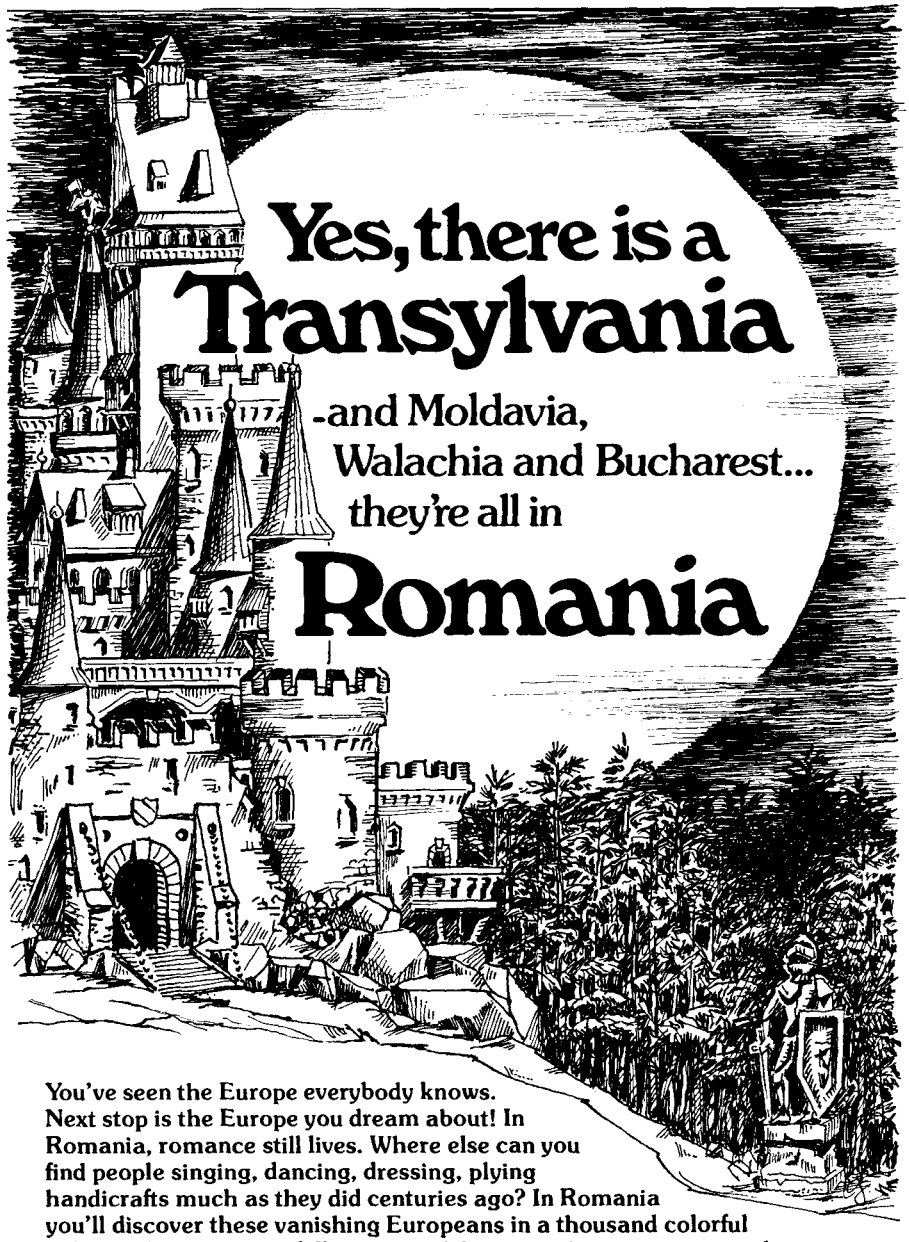
In the days that followed, I walked in the tomb of the Mings, tramped through the splendors of the Forbidden City, gloried in the Summer Palace of the Empress Dowager, stared not without awe at the full size of T'ien An Men Square which, like three Place de la Concordes knitted together, bespoke the immensity of the Middle Kingdom. The treasures I had seen awakened for me the timelessness of Cathay. Peking, from which I would depart, is 3,000 years old. The Great Wall on which I had walked only the day before had been built in the third century B.C.

Now as I rode out to the airport to board the plane for the first leg of the trip home, my mind tried to span that immense chasm that faced China—from timelessness to an age of technocracy. I turned to banter for the last time with my friend, Mr. Chu of China Travel Service, who had guided our odyssey from the day it began at the border with Hong Kong's New Territories, three weeks before.

"When you come next time," he said, "there will be many improvements. We will be a new country. You won't recognize us after the four modernizations."

"And what," I asked him in a more somber vein, thinking of his country and its relations with mine, "what of the polar bear?"

There was a long and pregnant pause, and then he laughed and gave me a playful push in the shoulder. "The polar bear?" he said. "Why we will cage him together," and the bus rolled into the airport. ◉



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Business Catches China Fever

by Arne de Keijzer

IN GOVERNMENT and in business circles there has been considerable speculation that President Carter's sudden move to recognize the People's Republic of China was a response to the growing pressure on the administration from the business community. Too many would-be China traders came home complaining that they didn't have a fair shot in the arena of world competition.

Although diplomatic needs also played a significant role, there is no doubt that the pressure for more trade with China was a decisive factor.

Not lost on American commerçants and economic counselors was the admonition last year of Teng Hsiao-p'ing, China's senior deputy prime minister, which he delivered to Western businessmen. He warned, "Don't yield the entire market to Japan by default."

Moreover, U.S. businessmen were seeing orders that might naturally go to America land elsewhere. Notable was the case of offshore oil rigs bought from Norway and Singapore. While Chinese have expressed great interest in a wide range of American technology-related projects, at the same time they artfully applied political pressure. All during 1977-78, U.S. businessmen in Peking, as well as Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, heard the recurring tune, "Chinese-American trade cannot fully develop until we have normalized relations." So-called "old friends" in Japan and in Europe were getting the orders.

"Old friend" Japan saw its two-way trade with China virtually double last year, rising from $3.4 billion to $5 billion. A comprehensive $35 million trade agreement, calling for Japan's export of factories and technology in return for Chinese oil and coal, has been signed. (It is ironic to recall that some of the coal will come from mines in northeast China which the Japanese developed when they occupied the sector in the Thirties.)

In addition to natural resources in trade for heavy industry, the Japanese have been aggressively seeking deals ranging from high-rise office buildings and hotels to the sale of such consumer goods as television sets and watches. Chinese authorities have been urged to open Japanese restaurants in major Chinese hotels. McDonald's Japanese company sent emissaries to China.

Germans have strung together consortiums to land big projects. Siemag and its associated companies signed an agreement to build a $14 billion steel complex. The French, not far behind, have sold chemical plants, computers, communications equipment, and arms. To finance their exports, the French have advanced a credit scheme involving $7 billion advanced to the Bank of China at 6.5 percent interest. This more than covers half the French exports, billed at $13.6 billion, planned by the French by 1985.

United States - China Trade

In millions of U.S. $

	Imports	Exports	Total
1976	201.0	135.4	337.3
1977	203.0	171.5	374.5
1978	325.0	800.0	1,125.0

Major Contracts Concluded in the Last Six Months

In millions of U.S. $

U.S. Steel	steel mill complex	1,100
Inter-Continental	5 hotels	500
Bethlehem Steel	upgrade iron ore mines	100
Marathon	2 offshore drilling rigs	50
Hughes Tool	drilling tools	10
Kaiser	mining development	4
Ford	700 trucks	3.5
Boeing	3 747 SPs	75
Fluor	copper mine and concentrator	800

Although the U.S. will not sell arms to the Chinese, it has no objections if its NATO partners do. The British are selling 100 Harrier "jump jets" to help modernize the Chinese air force, and have contracted for Spey engines to amplify China's budding aircraft industry. The British will also provide $1.2 billion in engineering for local coal mines.

While there has been little significant U.S. presence in this trade boom, American entrepreneurs have not been entirely idle. Pullman-Kellogg, a Midwest fertilizer company, has had 100, people in China for several years. Coca-Cola won the right to distribute its bottles to foreign tourists in hotels, a symbolic rather than a commercial success. U.S. Steel sold an iron ore complex worth $1 billion, the largest U.S. contract so far. Even U.S. tourists have made a healthy contribution to growing trade. Some 20,000 travelers visited China last year, spending an average of $60 a day on room, board, travel, and guide services, plus an estimated $250 each on souvenirs—in all, a tidy $20 million expenditure.

It is often overlooked that normalization by itself did not create this business. It has merely brought the trading to the attention of the public. Fifty Chinese technical and buying missions were in the U.S. during the last half of 1978, an indication of the budding relationship that preceded recognition.

What, then, does normalization mean for U.S.-China trade? Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal warned American businessmen in late January against any "quick fix" in the solution of trade barriers between the two countries. Secretary of Commerce Juanita Kreps cautiously predicted that the U.S. share of China's $80 billion trade over the next five years may be $10 billion.

Importers of Chinese merchandise and exporters of high technology are particularly aware that a change in the political atmosphere has not meant a change in U.S. government restrictions. The administration's recognition package did not address any of the thorny issues remaining. The Jackson-Vanick Amendment to the Trade Act forbids extending most-favored nation treatment (which would lower the discriminatory tariffs on imports, and allow import-export guarantees) for Communist countries unless they lift barriers to free emigration. A recently reported relaxation in emigration may, in the eyes of Congress, render China eligible for most-favored-nation status.

Exporters of high-technology equipment, such as computers, will still face archaic export-control regulations that severely restrict sales in areas where U.S. firms would be competitive.

Finally, while other countries have supported their trade with China through attractive commercial and government-backed credits, U.S. companies cannot get the Export-Import Bank to act until the frozen assets issue is resolved and the law is changed.

A cautionary note must also be struck on the Chinese side. The extent of China's foreign reserves is not known, and while her credit rating is excellent, concern has already been voiced about payment. How does the People's Republic of China expect to continue to finance this buying spree?

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Moreover, while China is clearly politically and economically stable, not everyone in China agrees with the rapid changes taking place, and an ambitious modernization program may not be irreversible should the political climate change or the economic growth fail to keep pace. GNP grew a healthy 9 percent in 1977, but the per capita GNP is between $300 and $400. China is now judged to be $200 billion short of what it needs to meet the 1985 modernization goals. In addition to domestic economic growth and financing, a third impediment to continued expansion is the lack of skilled workers and managers to run the new equipment.

Chinese officials hint that the buying spree might not last beyond 1985, when they hope to be self-sufficient.

To help finance their trade, multiple schemes have been advanced to bring the Chinese methods into accord with western practice. They are accepting private and government loans (the Chinese prefer to call them "credits") and are allowing joint ventures (up to 49 percent foreign-owned).

Their main hope is exports, however. Oil exports in 1979 are projected to be 12.7 million metric tons out of a total production of 112 million metric tons. By 1985, U.S. government analysts expect this to grow to 35 million metric tons on a total production of 230 million metric tons.

Special factories to produce commodity goods solely for export will also be set up. The Chinese see no reason why their brand names will not become as well-known and respected as those of the Japanese.

A U.S. mission sent abroad to stir interest in foreign trade once said of the prospective trading partner, "Noting the extent of our country with its present and increasing population, [they] were highly pleased at the prospect of so considerable a market...."

Those words were inscribed in 1785 by the members of the first American trade mission to China. Just a few years less than two centuries later, Donald Regan, the chairman of Merrill Lynch, one of a spate of American banking companies that have made the journey east, said of China, "Any nation of over 900 million people growing at the rate of 18 million individuals a year is a tremendous market."

The turnabout is ironic, but it is figures of that dimension which have given international business a roaring case of China fever. ◉

Arne de Keijzer heads a firm that promotes U.S.-China trade. He has made 12 trips to China since 1973 and is the author, with Fredric Kaplan, of The China Travel Guide *(Lippincott).*

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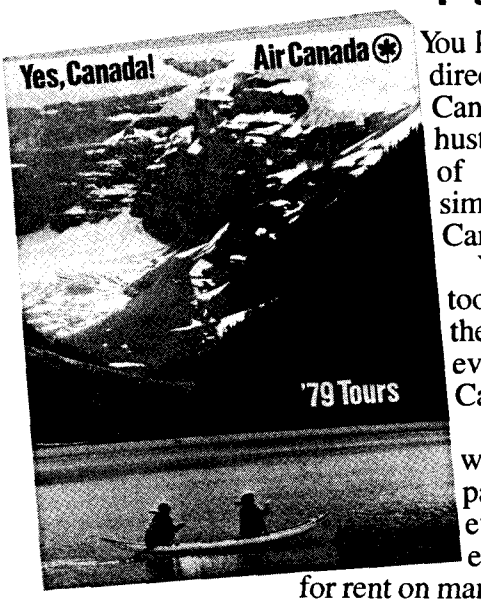

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AIR CANADA

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NEW DESTINATIONS

The places are not new. After all, China is 6,000 years old, but getting there is the trip of the year. How to do it is explained in the essay below by the resident Sinologist. Pitcairn was there before the Bounty's *mutineers arrived, but cruise ships are stopping there now, as Jill Morgan recounts, and bringing whiffs of civilization. Lisl Dennis pokes her camera into ancient Jordan, a new idea for travelers, as Landt Dennis recounts. Patricia Brooks collects off-beat baggage labels from the Maldives to Manaus. Griffin Smith rides the night train in Siam. Now, who has done* that? *Any journeyman can dine out for weeks on the far-out, far-flung datelines that follow.*

Cathay: The Year's Great Adventure

by Horace Sutton

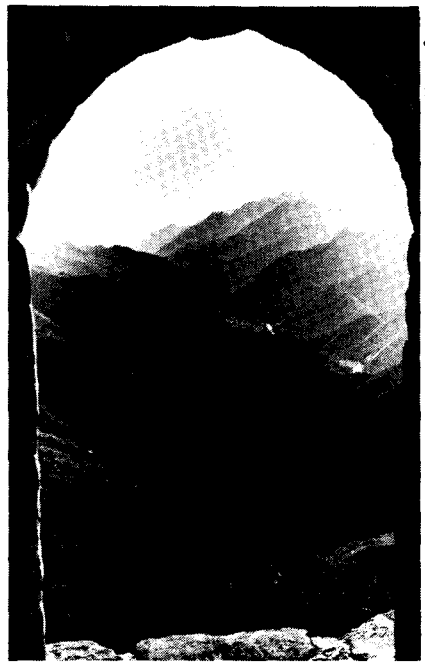
WHEN LARS-ERIC LINDBLAD, that merchant of inconveniently located dreams, first broached to me the prospect of visiting China, I found myself as blasé as Bocuse about to scramble an egg. All those Ping-Pong trippers and Nixon attendants had been there. Barbara Walters had walked the Great Wall and Scotty Reston had written, stitch by stitch, of his appendicitis operation in a Chinese hospital. How to top all that?

Yet, as things stood in November, which was before the official recognition, I found myself, the lone Occidental in a boat filled with Chinese, in Hong Kong harbor, about to embark in a hovercraft that would ride a cushion of air across the fringes of the South China Sea toward the Pearl River, Whampoa, and Canton.

Only a few minutes before, Phil Mermod, the manager of the Hilton at Hong Kong, had bid me goodbye with a portentous send-off. "And now the adventure begins," he had said.

And he was right, although in the back of my mind I fancied three weeks of poor hotels and unremitting injections of socialist propaganda of the sort I had encountered in the Soviet Union in the mid-Fifties.

Three weeks after floating out of Hong Kong on my way to China, I paused momentarily on a brand-new, shiny walkway at Tokyo's Narita Airport. The trip was over and the members of Lindblad #6010 were going on to Tokyo and Kyoto; I was about to board on Pan Am's 747SP for that



Horace Sutton

China into infinity—"Ultimate glory."

dazzler, a nonstop jump to New York. Lindblad #6010 burst into a serenade. "Give Our Regards to Broadway," they sang to me, and then we were off, down different polished halls.

I got on board Pan Am flight 800, took my seat alongside a clothing merchant just in from Korea where he had been inspecting his coat-and-pants factory, and I was suddenly alone. Where were Doris and Harold? Catherine and Lorrimer? Howard and Mildred? Bob and Edna? Hutch and Wyn? Connie, Patrick, and Mary?—Mary the tiny tour leader, surely the only descendant of ancient China traveling under the unlikely surname of Israel.

And I realized, as we soared over Tokyo Bay, that I had just finished what started out as a must-do trip, and had ended as one of the most fascinating excursions I had ever taken.

Unless one is an invitee of the Chinese government, traveling VIP style in private cars with private guides, the traveler journeys in a group. The tours, with the cooperation of China International Travel Service, are offered by travel agents such as Lindblad, or by airlines. Pan American and Japan Airlines are the most active among airline tour packagers. Pan Am's spring tours for 1979 that begin in Canton and emerge by way of Peking will visit the ancient cities of China—Loyang, Sian, Lanchow, and Urumchi—at a cost of $3,000 for 27 days, 18 of them in China. Lindblad is scheduling two dozen China trips in 1979, one visiting Changsha, Sian, Lanchow (on the Central Asian silk route), and Tatung, on the plains of Shansi province. Some tours tack on Inner Mongolia to the now-standard tour that travels from Canton to Kweilin, Shanghai, Soochow, and Peking.

Pan American's tours are based on groups of 100, which are then split in four so that subgroups number 25. Lindblad's tours are limited to 24 persons plus one tour leader. China Travel Service assigns two English-speaking guides who stay with each group from first to last day, and an English-speak-

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ing local guide meets each group on arrival in a city and stays with it until the group moves onward. Some of these guides, recent graduates of language school, speak good English and others are comprehensible but difficult to understand. Skimming over the field from the first in Canton—I exclude the wide-eyed young man who met my boat at Whampoa and while showing me rice asked me whether I had ever tasted it—the guides know the traditional tourist sights and Chinese history as it relates to visible artifacts. They know very little of the world before "liberation," that is, the establishment of the Communist government, and virtually nothing of the American participation in vanquishing the Japanese whose occupation of China had started in the early Thirties.

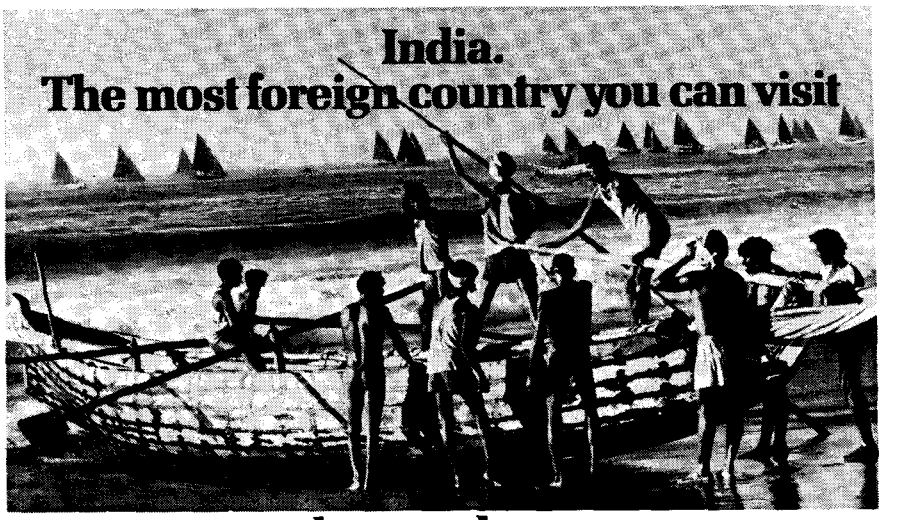
Only recently, as the Chinese themselves admit, has Peking understood the benefits in foreign exchange that derive from tourism, but when the gates were opened and tours organized, it was immediately evident that China would prove one of the most popular trips in the world, and that the country suffered from a serious lack of hotel facilities.

There is a rush now to rectify that situation. In November, Inter-Continental Hotels signed a "memorandum of understanding" with China International Travel Service under which the Pan Am subsidiary will provide the design, construction, financing, and operation of 5,000 hotel rooms in China. As plans go on apace, a site has been chosen for a thousand-room hotel in Peking on an attractive and convenient site opposite the Friendship Store, one of the chain of general merchandise shops operated for tourists. The site is convenient to the U.S. Liaison Office in the diplomatic quarter. George Lang, the celebrated restaurateur, is being engaged to consult on the food operation.

Meanwhile, Peter di Tullio, once of Hilton, now president of Hyatt International, toured China early this winter with architect I.M. Pei, whose father was a Shanghai merchant, and with representatives of First Boston Corporation and Turner Construction Company. Luxury hotels were the subject of discussion, but no contracts were signed. Similarly, a voice was heard from Henri Marescot, president of Meridien Hotels, the Air France chain, which would like to get into the act. Air France serves Peking.

All these hostelries are some years away and those travelers who plan to sign on for a China trip while it is still chic will have to put up with some notably unchic sleeping quarters.

That prospect is explained to would-



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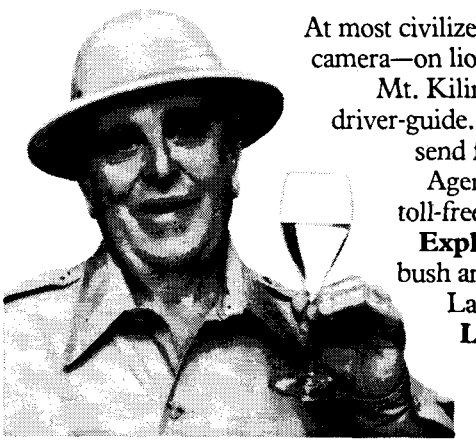

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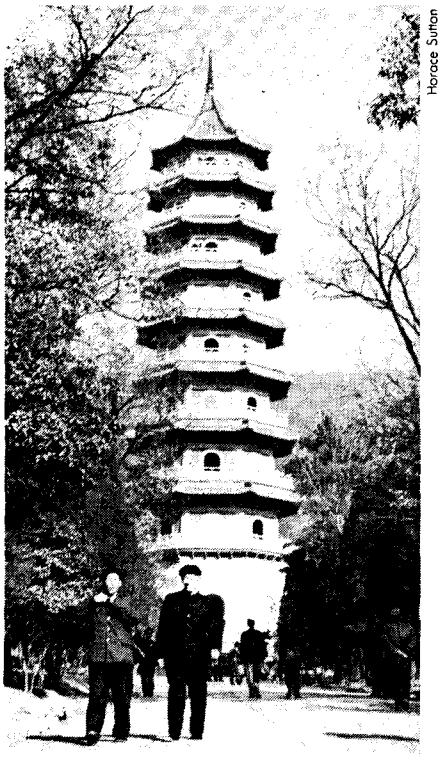
be travelers, but it rarely fails to ruffle some who, having paid sums that should ensure luxury hotels, are put in old make-do lodgings.

In Canton the Tung Fang, where most tourists, except overseas Chinese, are assigned, is used to foreigners who come each year for the Canton Trade Fair. It stands ready with Telex and overseas telephone, but the rooms in the new wing are simple, devoid of expression, tasteless, and no more than merely functional. Soap, toilet paper, and thermos bottles filled with hot water for tea or soup are standard equipment (tea is supplied, but bring bouillon cubes and/or cocoa packages and instant coffee).

Meals are served in a huge dining room on an upper floor that might bring back latent memories of college eating halls. Western breakfasts for Western tourists are the general rule and they are quite passable. There is a sort of snack room and bar on the roof where you can get a chocolate bar or a ham sandwich, hard liquor or beer.

The hotel in Kweilin is only three years old and from the outside it looks modern. It has steam heat, which is something, because a scientific mission of V.I.P.s who were staying in the Banyan Tree Lake Hotel, where Nixon was lodged, were cold. In our modern digs, the view over the pavilions in the lake was handsome, but the bedsprings were made of rope and provided a home for tiny red nibblers. In Soochow, the Grand Hotel, in a walled preserve, is certainly a misnomer. The paint was peeling from the toilet seat, but a new addition was almost ready—no fancy-dan Hyatt, mind you, but adequate. In Nanking we didn't draw the new hotel high on a hill complete with a small coffee shop, but were quartered in a former sanatorium which we shared with a Japanese technical textile team. In Shanghai, along with Japanese tourists, we were in a done-over, one-time French apartment house where the rooms were comfortable, but the cuisine, in a hastily arranged make-do upper-floor dining room, was extraordinary. An addition next door, with a full-scale dining room, was being rushed to completion, on a 24-hour construction schedule. In Chengchow, a northern city, overnight by rail from Peking, the massive hotel is Russian 1950s style. It greets the wayfarer with a huge marble lobby, too large to heat and too expensive to illuminate. Water is turned off during the middle of the day, and that means toilets flush only in the morning and night.



Horace Sutton

Nanking pagoda—"Traditional sights."

En route to Peking, the ultimate treasure of the trip, Lindblad #6010 was eagerly looking forward to the new wing of the Peking Hotel which opened in the Chinese capital in 1974. Instead we drew the Chien Men where, at the early hour of our arrival on the night train, the rooms weren't ready and the halls were filled with scaffolding and laborers. It, too, was being transformed for international use. Travelers on a Pan Am tour were installed in the Friendship Hotel, five miles from the center of town.

All touristland convenes in the lobby of the Peking Hotel which is just down the block from the awesome T'ien An Men Square, around the corner from the principal shopping street. The only really modern hotel in all China, it has a lobby bar that is the international meeting place of the capital, a prix-fixe buffet dining room ($6 all-in), a bookstore, a large souvenir shop, a billiard room, a huge and handsome dining hall offering both Western and Chinese fare, and in the old wing (1939), down the hall, a grocery that sells cakes, fruits, and liquors.

But if only a few can be bedded down in this comfort, and the others must take pot luck, especially in the provinces, what then makes China so compelling? For one thing it is the combination of the deep insights into the social fabric of the country made possible by the Chinese concept of travel. As with most tours, we were taken inside kindergartens, children's palaces (for after-hours educational play), universities, factories, hospitals (operating rooms included), communes, urban workers' villages. Each visit, whether at a fan factory or a carpet mill, began with an orientation lecture, peppered with propaganda, but the floor was opened later to questions of the most penetrating order.

Leavening this side of the program were peeks at China's enormous art-filled heritage: the gardens of lovely Soochow, the 3,000-year-old city, girt by a moat and bisected by a grand canal; Shanghai's Temple of the Jade Buddha, a Burmese gift from 1882. (A Buddhist priest is in attendance and the buddha continues to attract overseas Chinese who light joss sticks and bow reverently); Nanking's mammoth memorial to Sun Yat-sen, founder of the republic in 1911; its avenue of stone animals that marked the tomb of T'ai Tsu, founder of the Ming dynasty, whose burial place was destroyed during the Taiping Rebellion. All these were visual excitements, but so, too,

Horace Sutton

Avenue of animals, Ming tombs, Nanking—"All these were visual excitements."

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George Holton

Li River, Kweilin— "The hotel was no fancy-dan Hyatt, mind you."

were walks we took along the streets, during which we invariably attracted incredible crowds.

Peking's Forbidden City, the Imperial Palace, built under the Mings, vandalized by the Manchus, restored by the Ch'ing rulers, and made into a palace museum by the Communists, is a complex of 9,000 rooms, an architectural treasure of tiled roofs, dragon-decorated eaves, arches, and pagodas, that calls out for photographs at every turning. But it is also an assemblage of jade, carved wood, delicate scrolls, porcelain, and furniture that ultimately glazes the eyeballs even as one's arches begin to cave.

Do I leave out the Great Wall, one of the most compelling of one-day excursions available anywhere? It begins by train from Peking Station, proceeds by foot, and includes a box lunch in a railway carriage before moving onward to Peking's Ming tombs. Do I leave out the Summer Palace, the warm weather retreat of the Ch'ings, where the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi diverted the funds for a royal navy, building instead a Marble Barge that sails nowhere but on a sea of opulence?

Have I glossed over without remembering those Summer Palace names that seem designed for Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley, and Ray Bolger in their romp down the Yellow Brick Road? I offer you the Hall of Happiness in Longevity, the Garden of Harmonious Interest, the Hall That Dispels the Clouds, and that ultimate glory, the Pavilion for Listening to Orioles.

I am left not only with those ethereal fancies, but with an unerasable tableau of faces— young and eager, old and wispily hirsute, middle-aged and immutable, always looking into *my* face in search of heaven knows what— the persona of the evil that had once been said of my country? The hope for themselves that my Americanism symbolizes? Or merely fascination as I might express it were I to gaze into the irises of an oryx?

My mind, as I let it slip the leash, goes back to the morning in Canton when a woman in a crowded tram got up from her seat and pushed me into it. It dances back to the day in Shanghai when I looked up from an earnest conversation with an interpreter to find the two of us surrounded by a hundred transfixed passers-by. I think of my bright-eyed young friend in the university at Chengchow who linked his arm with mine as we walked the campus and implored me to have our photograph taken together. Or the time in Shanghai when, as our bus pulled away from the Da Hua Hotel, the entire staff came to the sidewalk in a dazzle of smiles to wave us off.

More than anything I think of the afternoon at Shamian Island in Canton where no tour ever goes. I took a cab and paid the driver to wait while I walked among the aged European buildings abandoned there by those economic imperialists for whom this once was a "concession," an enclave at the edge of the Pearl River that winds its way toward the South China Sea.

The sun was going down in a film of smog behind the river, silhouetting the gunboats, the ferries, and the sampans. Lovers sat discreetly on benches under the great shade trees that hang over the riverside esplanade. Wash was hung on poles from the old stone villas designed by European architects, and cocks crowed where traders once sipped pink gin. Young people were playing tennis on the courts abandoned by Europeans who lived here, and tots were climbing on old cannons that had come from continental foundries to hold off Oriental navies.

The old yellow church with its decaying steeple was silent, and its door was padlocked. We asked a dozen people what it was, or what it had been, but none—not even those who lived alongside it—knew. It belonged to some other China, a bastardized, westernized China that had sunk into oblivion, absorbed by this timeless country as the jungle, untended, swallows stone. And I thought about the Western-accented China that was about to begin as the cab drove back to the Tung Fang where the gateway was emblazoned with the word "Welcome" spelled out in chrysanthemums, and the tour buses were parked, side by side in a countless row, awaiting their morning run, carrying the curious from abroad. ◉

George Holton

Forbidden City, Peking—"Ultimately glazes the eyeballs as the arches begin to cave."

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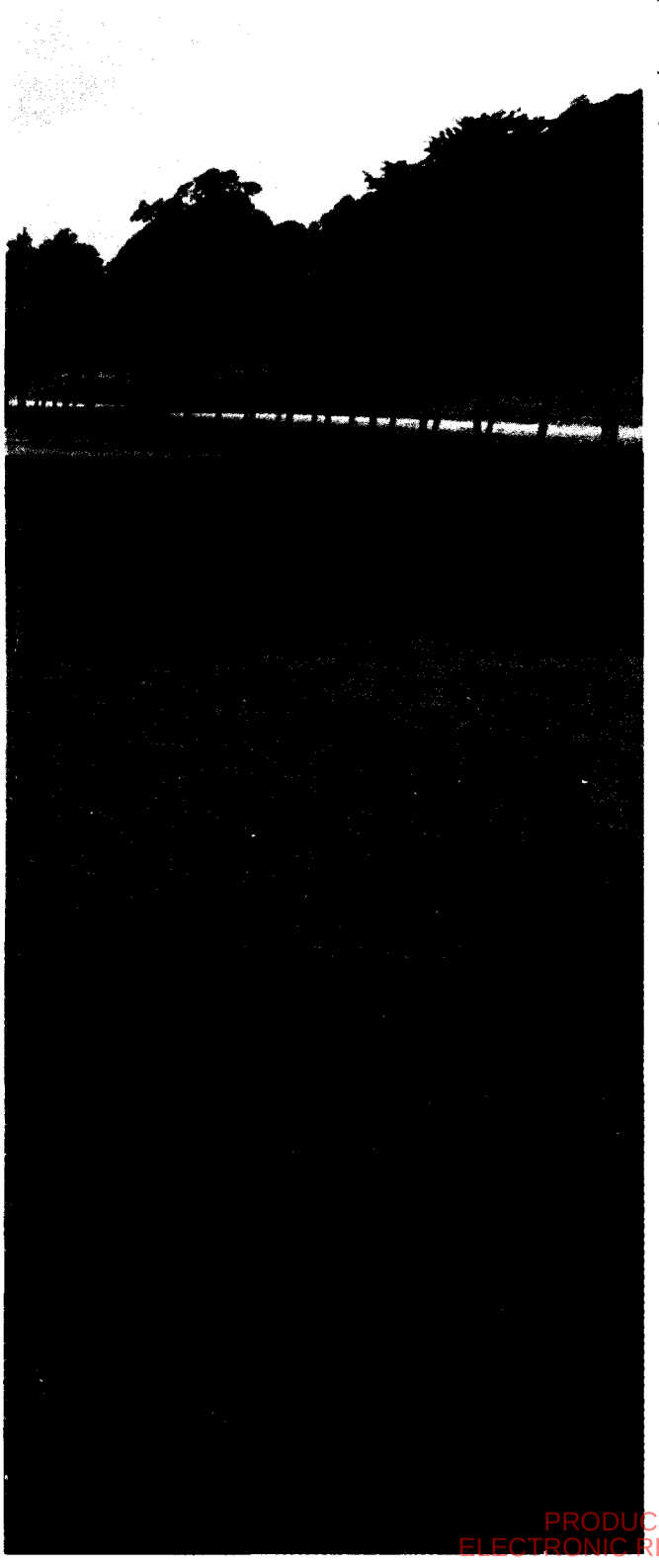
stop by. Mary Queen of Scots did."

Andrew, 11th Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth.



"Mary Queen of Scots was a guest here in my home a few hundred years back. I'm told she loved it–used to wander around the gardens and gaze at the paintings in the great halls for hours. It's rumored that she said that she never wanted to leave. Perhaps that's because this was the last nice place she stayed before that dreadful beheading business. Pity.

"Nevertheless, that's just one story about the old place. There are lots more. Come round and hear them and have a look about when you're in the neighborhood."

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You can meet Bert. Bert Summers is pipe major of The Grampian Police Pipe Band in Scotland. You might catch him and his lads proudly piping on the grounds of Craigievar Castle near Aberdeen. Their highland harmony will put your feet to marching. The scenery will leave you speechless. Even the hills wear kilts. Plaids of green peat and purple heather. Incredible.

Tea? In Devonshire, you can meet Mrs. Connie Pedley, and her husband Tommy, and their cats Sally and Cecily, and Cynthia, a girl from the village who helps Mrs. Pedley serve Devonshire cream teas. What's a Devonshire cream tea? Heaping plates of scones warm from the oven, jams and jellies that were on the vine last week, fresh clotted cream and very, very British tea. Lovely.

In the days of Henry VIII, there was a jolly country inn in the town of Ludlow, that was known for its ale. It was called "The Feathers." It still is.

The fire crackles an age-old welcome. And the innkeeper, in finest tradition, dotes on his guests. His name is Peter Nash. You'll like him. You'll also like his ale.

Cheers. Speaking of spirits, Carreg-Cennen Castle in Wales will have a haunting effect on you. It was once the home of Merlin the Magician. It's now the home of Bernard the shepherd. Admission is free. Nice fellow, Bernard.

There are lots more British people to meet. And countless bargains to find. The Tower of London is 901 years old this year. Admission is still only $2.45, and that includes a look at the Crown Jewels.

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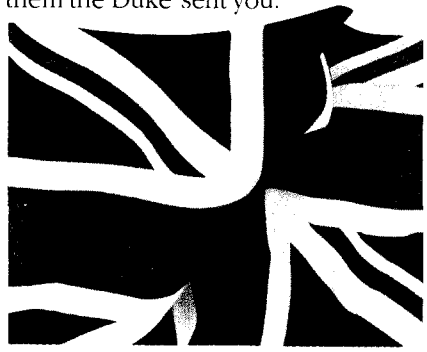

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Mister Christian's Island

by Jill Morgan

EACH YEAR, two small ships filled with determined tourists drop anchor at a two-square-mile rock 1,500 miles from Tahiti and nearly 3,500 miles from South America. Pitcairn Island, a remote volcanic dot in the middle of the South Pacific, may be just the place to drop out of civilization for awhile. After all, there are few places on the planet—users of the U.S. Postal Service might contest the title—where mail is delivered twice a year. Its island history is one of the world's most romantic. What other place can claim the mutinous Fletcher Christian as founding father?

Life on this isolated patch of Pacific land is intimately connected to its geography. A healthy and friendly lot, the islanders spend much of their time outdoors, fishing for dinner, tending their gardens, and walking. A recent editorial in the monthly *Pitcairn Miscellany* attributes the stamina of the older inhabitants to the terrain: "One cannot go anywhere on Pitcairn without walking up or down." Even septuagenarians climb the dusty red road that curves 200 feet up the Hill of Difficulty from the landing.

At the top of the island begins the track that leads through Adamstown, Pitcairn's only village, up to Christian's cave. Just before the Square is the home of Edward Young, one of 23 original houses still in use. Another 50 houses sit abandoned, claimed by the advancing bush. But around Young's worn, crude wooden house, with corrugated tin roof, is a tidy patch of colorful flowers and vegetables, alongside several citrus trees.

A small generator powers the string of lights that runs above the road, but Young has his own generator to run his refrigerator. The courthouse, post office, dispensary, and church, all of white clapboard, could be buildings around a New England town square.

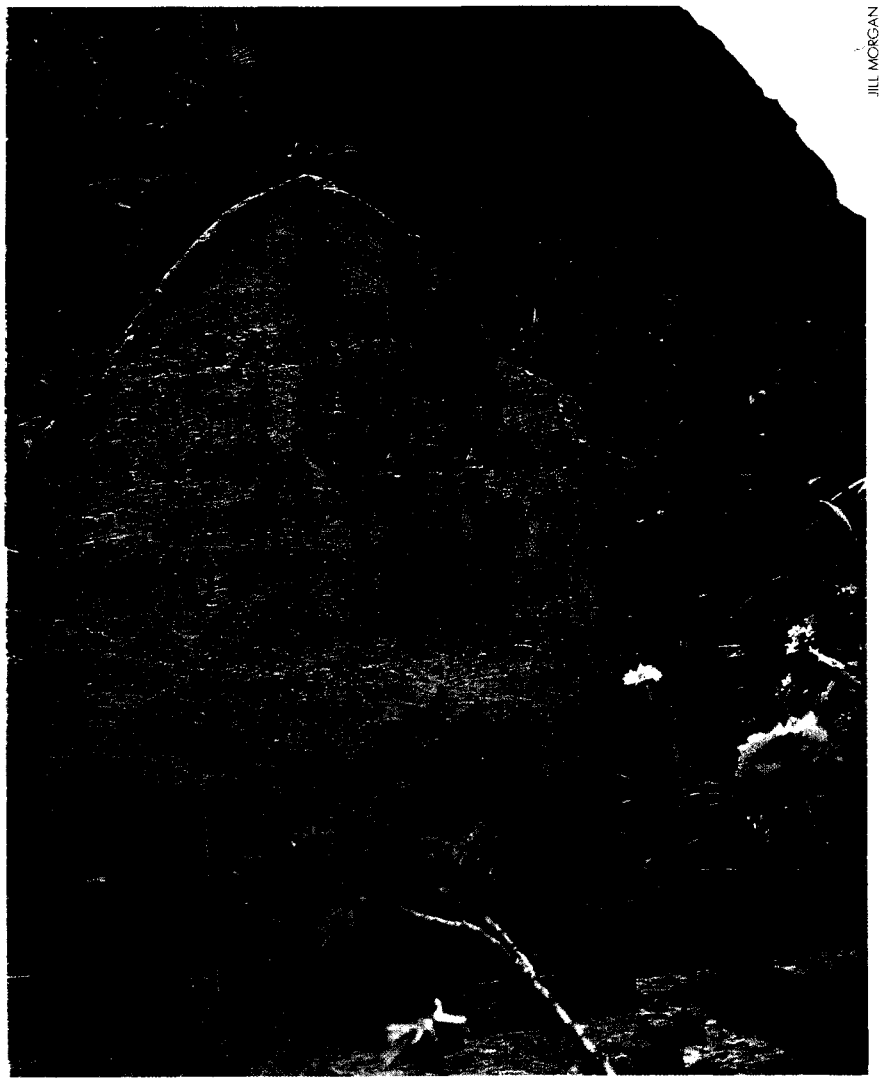
The island's school and the New Zealand teacher's residence, built in 1950, are relatively modern. But it is the two government hostels next to the oldest house on the island that look out of place, with their prefab mobile home construction, sliding glass doors, and full kitchens. Rarely used, the hostels block the view of the ocean from the house built by Thursday October Christian, the son of Fletcher Christian. Something of an architectural paradox itself with the new tin roof and power line sitting above the original building, it is dilapidated but somehow still lovely.

Beyond the school, the winding trail emerges from the woods at the base of a steep rocky slope. High above, gouged out of the mountain, is a triangular cave, the secret retreat of Fletcher Christian. Reached only by clambering up rocks and using lantana shrubs for footing, the cave opening affords a view of Adamstown and, beyond, to Bounty Bay.

Fletcher Christian and his mutineers must have gazed on the rugged landscape with some ambivalence. Although this faraway fertile land would clearly be a safe fortress for the fugitives, it would also be their prison. Once they found that the island had been abandoned by its former Polynesian residents, the mutineers scuttled the *Bounty* in the bay.

Today fewer than 60 people live on Pitcairn, almost all descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers and the Tahitian men and women they brought with them. They sound British (Pitcairn is one of the vestiges of the British Empire), but their dark eyes, black hair, and oatmeal-colored skin are clues to their story—one of the world's best-known sea sagas.

After World War I, two members of the Lafayette Escadrille picked up a copy of an account of the mutiny aboard H.M.S. *Bounty*. Working in Tahiti, Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall wrote their epochal trilogy, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, which became



JILL MORGAN

Grave of John Adams, Father of Pitcairn—"One of the world's best-known sea sagas."

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two films, one with Clark Gable and the other with Marlon Brando in the role of Fletcher Christian. Relics of the *Bounty* and the fate of the mutineers fill the island. The *Bounty* anchor sits prominently in the Square. One of the ship's cannon lies beside the trail that leads to the secret cave in which Fletcher Christian secluded himself.

Although today's Pitcairn islanders are proud of their exotic heritage, they do express disapproval of their ancestors. Ivan Christian, Fletcher's sixth-generation descendant and chief magistrate of the island, describes his forefathers as scoundrels. This attitude exemplifies the strict virtuousness ingrained in the islanders by the last surviving mutineer, John Adams, known as the Father of Pitcairn. He introduced British forms of law and religion to the growing community of Anglo-Tahitians. So impressive were his accomplishments that the British navy refused to arrest him when they finally found the island in 1814.

Devout Seventh-Day Adventists, the islanders fill the church on the Square every Saturday for hymn singing and fundamentalist teachings. Aboard visiting ships, older citizens cringe at the sight of their offspring dancing and smoking with foreigners, even though they understand the awful isolation of growing up on Pitcairn, and the intense attraction of modern life. Perhaps it is this strong faith along with their isolation that accounts for their tranquil, almost pious nature. They speak very little and treat visitors with a certain reserve. Isolation could ultimately lead to extinction. Australian writer Ian Ball, who spent two years living on the island, found them "more inbred than if they came from a brother-sister mating." Notes Ball in *Pitcairn Island: Children of Mutiny*, "They have no fertility left. If a baby happens to be born, it is the cause for rejoicing."

In the bay below, what is left of the *Bounty* lies a mere 15 feet beneath the surface. The slimy seaweed-covered boulders on which the mutineers scuttled the ship obscure the scattered remnants of the historic vessel. Surging currents darken the water with the gritty coral sand from the bottom, buffeting fish and divers alike.

Only a few nails, cannonballs, and ballast blocks give silent testimony to the fate of the *Bounty*. The wooden hull disintegrated long ago, leaving only a few iron scraps to mark the final resting place of one of history's best-known sailing ships. ◉

When not scuba diving off Pitcairn Island, Jill Morgan is a writer and public relations consultant.

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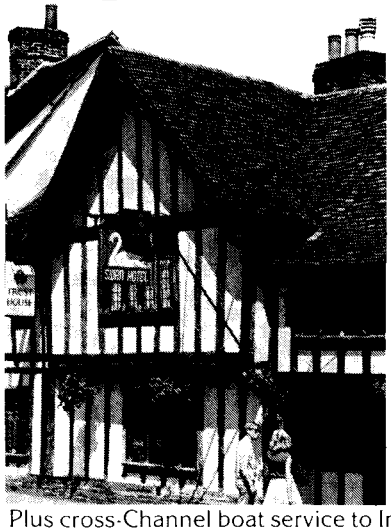

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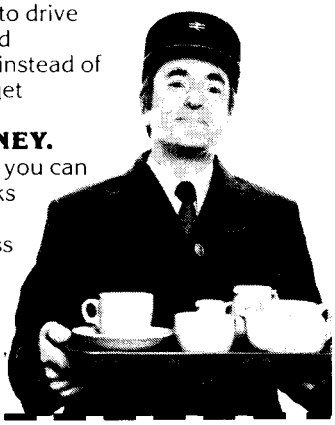

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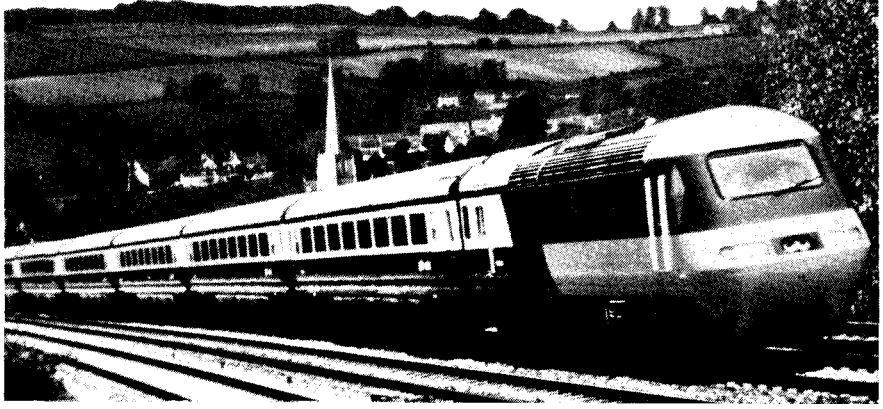

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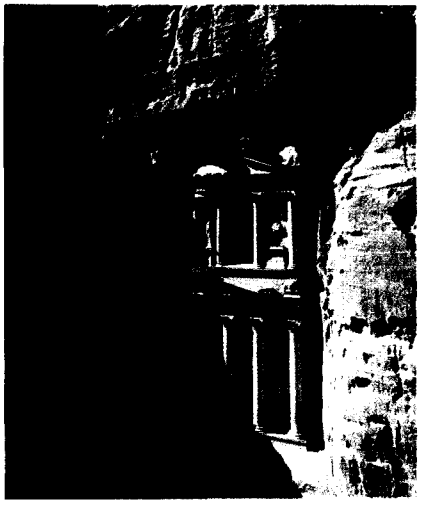
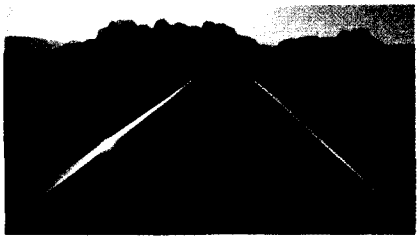
The Land of the American Queen

Photographs by Lisl Dennis





The columns of Jerash, above, rise in a settlement covered with Roman ruins, though it was once a Greek site devoted to the worship of Artemis. The treasury building at Petra, above left, is the ancient rock city, once a wealthy caravan center and an early Christian settlement, which the Moslems took in the 7th century. The tracks, lower left, belong to the Heraz Railroad in the Wadi Rum desert, once used to advantage by Lawrence of Arabia. The columns of Jerash also support a long colonnaded street, top, theaters and temples. The desert policeman in full regalia is also a protector of the Princeton graduate who is now the Queen Noor, consort of King Hussein, ruler of Jordan.

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ROYAL BLUE SKIES. Endless desert. Granite mountains. Camel caravans. Bedouin encampments. And a small number of travelers, usually en route to Israel. This is part of the story of Jordan today. Add to it a building boom in Amman, ancient Philadelphia, the capital. Many new hotels and teams of international businessmen testify to Amman's increased importance as an Arab financial center. Flights from Scandinavia to Aqaba indicate the new popularity of the Red Sea as a sunland. There is renewed interest in the continuing probes of Jordanian soil to unearth her rich biblical past. Nor can one discount the curious attraction of the American girl who as Queen now occupies the palace of the Hashemite Kingdom with her husband, King Hussein.

Moses, Herod, Salome, John the Baptist. They all knew Jordan's countryside. Carpets of spring flowers. Searing summer heat. Palm-shaded oases. Brilliant, star-spangled nights. Lawrence of Arabia made his headquarters in the lunar landscape of Wadi Rum, accessible now to travelers. For Lawrence, it was a stronghold from which to repel invading Turks. Nearby, tracks of the Hejaz railroad, a prime object of enemy attack, still shimmer in the sunlight.

Pillars, columns, and chariot-rutted streets. Jerash testifies to the presence of the Romans centuries earlier. A great center along the caravan routes stretching from Arabia to the Tigris lies an hour north of Amman. Judging from the remaining, full-bosomed frescoes, fleshly pursuits were equally popular in those times.

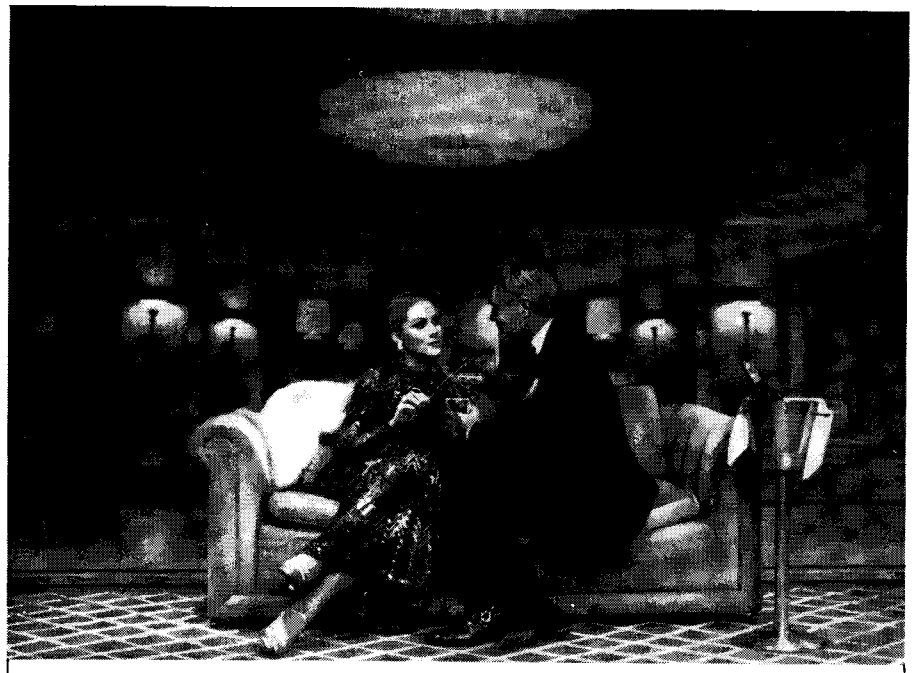
A half day's drive south, along the King's Highway from the capital, 2,000-year-old Petra, was a home of the Nabataeans, a nation of hit men who protected caravans for a price and stored their silks and spices in warehouses. Petra is superbly located on the trade routes from India and East Africa to the Middle East.

Carved from the multistratified sandstone—pink, orange, red, yellow, brown, gray—the temples, palaces, and tombs incorporate Assyrian as well as Roman architecture. They also seem to run on forever along the ledges and plateaus of the valley, and are best seen in the glow of dawn or dusk.

Equally surprising are the discoveries of the Red Sea. At Aqaba, deep-water swimmers prowl the reefs and stretch out on the sands.

—Landt Dennis

Lisl and Landt Dennis are a freelance photographer-writer team. She is the author of How to Take Better Travel Photos.



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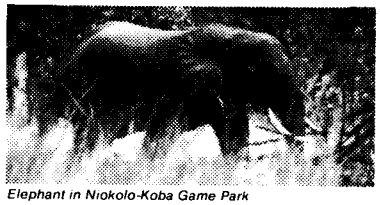
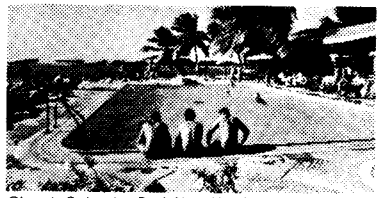


Elephant in Niokolo-Koba Game Park



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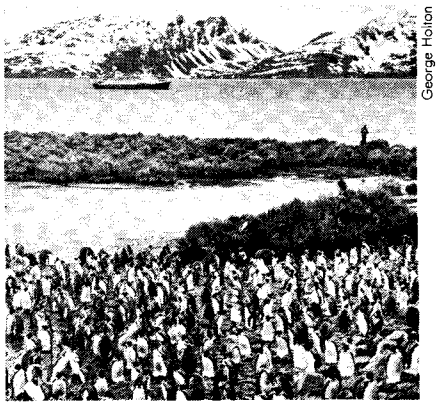
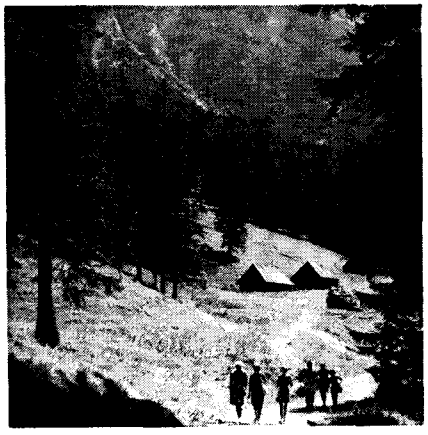
The Far-Out Traveler's Guide to Places You Never Thought Of

by Patricia Brooks



Penguins and cruise ship— "windswept."

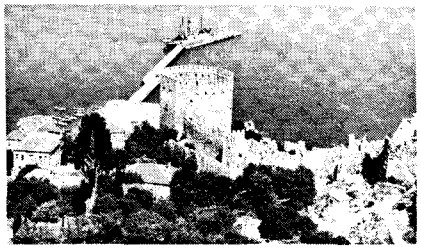
ANTARCTICA—Lindblad country, adventurous trip for "been everywhere" travelers—to see tundra, iceberg fields, sea birds, study windswept nature. Three Lindblad Explorer cruises scheduled: December 1, 1979 (30 days); December 26, 1979 (23 days); January 13, 1980 (43 days), the last a complete circumnavigation, including Ross Sea, Auckland, Falkland Islands.



The Tatras, Poland— "get out of town."

POLAND— We all knew it was there, but suddenly Pope John Paul II made it popular. There's lots to see, easier to see it than pronounce it. Zelazowa Wola, where Chopin was born, with Chopin concerts each Sunday; the Chopin Institute and Marie Curie Museum, both in Warsaw. Get out of town—to medieval Kracow, the Mazurian Lakes, the Teutonic knights' castle at Malbork, the scenic Tatra Mountains, the old spa at Szczawnica.

PAROS, NAXOS, SIPHNOS ISLANDS, Greece— If everything sunny and bright is Greek to you, but cruise crowds and traffic jams in Mykonos, Delos, et al., have palled, ferry-hop to some of the dozens of off-track islands. Isolated sandy beaches, rentable bikes for exploring, simple lodgings in local homes, chance to meet the Greeks. Ferry rides available to lesser-visited Ithaca, Zante, Paxos, Kefallinia.

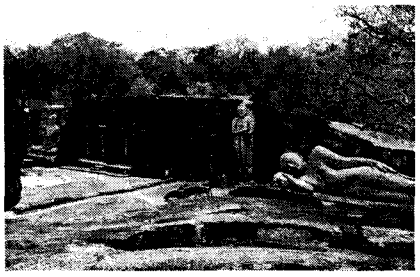


Alanya Fortress, Turkey–" congenial base."

TURQUOISE COAST, Turkey— Sun-seeking Europeans have discovered the relatively uncrowded, beautiful eastern Mediterranean coast. Believed by Turks to be the site of Garden of Eden. Anthony's wedding gift to Cleopatra. The golden shores are dotted with Greek, Roman, and Byzantine remains. Antalya's airport services the coast, but Alanya, further east, makes a more congenial base for excursions eastward to Mersin. Temples, crusader castles, hidden coves, romantic ruins, spectacular cliff-sea-sky views.

Manaus— "springboard to the Amazon."

MANAUS, Brazil—From booming *fin de siècle* rubber center in the Amazon jungle basin to declining ghost town, Manaus begins another boom: as tourist springboard to the Amazon. New Braniff and Varig direct flights mean instant accessibility to city's antique charm, Rio Negro cruises, jungle markets, rubber barons' ornate opera house, rare animals sold in Eiffel's Municipal Market, exotic fauna, flora.



Sri Lanka— "Marco Polo, Mark Twain."

SRI LANKA—Ceylon by any other name is now Sri Lanka—"Resplendent Land." Overlooked, shadowed by gigantic neighbor India, it is now promoting tourism on its own. Marco Polo, Mark Twain, and other island buffs could have told us of its blessings. Silvery beaches, tropical beauty, sea breezes, plush hotels, 12th-century city ruins, Sigiriya's sexy fifth-century frescoes still at bargain prices. Catch Kandy Perahera—a moonlit festival with elephants, a thousand drums, torches blazing—exotica with English spoken.

Tram, Isle of Man–"millennium cometh."

ISLE OF MAN, Great Britain—The Millennium cometh to this old Viking island in the Irish Sea, as the Manx celebrate 1,000 years of their continuous parliament, the Tynwald, with year-long pageants, festivals, sports events, exhibitions. Open-air as-

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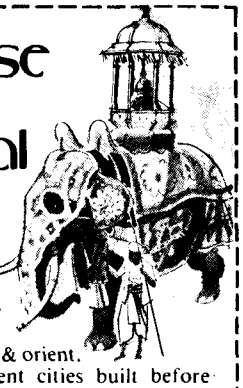

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sembly July 5th. Manx descendants in the U.S. are urged to return for jubilant celebration on this quaint isle of six-horned sheep, horse-drawn streetcars.

MALDIVES—Island collectors in perennial search for paradise end up on one of the 1,087 islands of this archipelago that stretches across 500 miles of the Indian Ocean, 400 miles southwest of Sri Lanka. This new Moslem republic's government is actively inviting visitors. It has 14 new resort hotels, each on its own tiny coconutty island, clustered near the capital, Male. Nude bathing, Robinson Crusoe isolation, crime-free environment (not even a jail), beaches not to be believed.

RING OF FIRE, Islands of the South Pacific—Two new cruises this spring, revisiting World War II sites, Bikini Atoll, the Caroline Islands, Truk, Tarawa. Go ashore in rubber rafts. Naturalists' heaven—cormorants, porpoises, octopus, all kinds of wondrous sea life—but count your pennies. Nature-viewing this far from home ain't cheap!

FUJAIRAH, United Arab Emirates—Touted as the Gulf of Oman's new Riviera, this coastal oasis is coming up fast as a getaway spot for the parched Arab states. An all-purpose new resort Hilton, fish-rich Indian Ocean waters, crystalline clear for snorkelers, scuba divers, underwater photographers. Add the local color of high-prowed *dhows*, fishing villages, markets for gold, pearls, handcrafts.

HURGHADA, Egypt—Only recently opened to tourism, this Red Sea area was formerly military "off limits," now heading for "in" resort status. Traveling Tut, equally perambulatory Sadat, renewed interest in Egypt's ancient wonders, accessibility to Cairo, Luxor, and other treasures, all make this a red-hot destination. Superb scuba diving and snorkeling, sandy beaches, coral reefs, new (1979) Sheraton and Club Med facilities, colorful fishing port, add up to: GO NOW.

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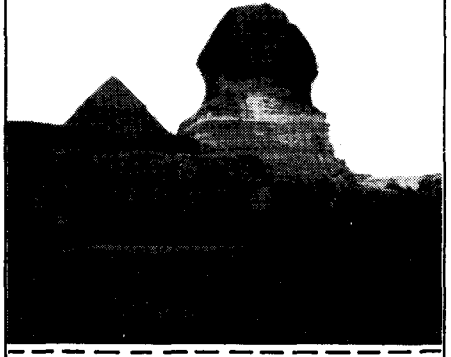

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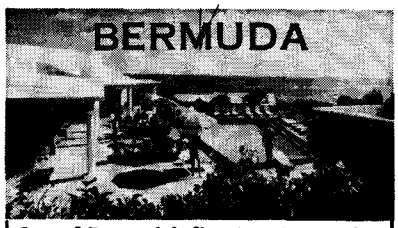

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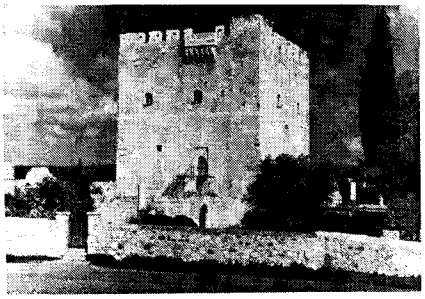
VALLEY OF THE MOON, Chile—A ghostly lunar landscape along the northern edge of this long, skinny southernmost South American country. A terrain of peaks, valleys, salt mountains, sharply changing textures, haunting by moonlight. Appeals to those in search of something different, archaeological digs, who don't mind rustic (but comfortable) lodges. Occasional oases, lots of llamas, vicuñas, friendly Indians, colonial churches. Organized new tours.

TIERRA DEL FUEGO, Chile/Argentina— "Land of Fire," so named by Spaniards for bonfires lit by Indians to scare off Magellan's ships in 1520. (It didn't work.) Mysterious, eerily silent archipelago at South America's southern tip, dubbed "Bottom of the World," separated from mainland by narrow, tricky-to-navigate Strait of Magellan. Land of fjords, glaciers, explosive sunsets, fantastic trout-fishing, penguins, whales mating, few people. Visitable by three- and four-day cruises from Chile's Punta Arenas, by Delta Line Cruises circling the continent, or by air.

CHESAPEAKE, Maryland, U.S.A.—The old Eastern Shore is in a new life-cycle, thanks to Michener's best-seller. Old lifestyles, crafts such as sailmaking, waterfowl wood-carving, other Americana, watermen, being revived by tourist interest. Tours now to olde English Smith Island, "Michener country" around Oxford, St. Michael's, Queenstown, Blackwater National Wildlife Refuge.

CYPRUS—Lebanon's troubles have been a blessing in disguise for nearby Cyprus, the new rest-and-rehabilitation vacation



Crusader castle, Limassol—"sunny idyll."

choice for escapees from Middle East deserts and high temperatures. Gorgeous beaches, probably the Mediterranean's lowest prices, friendly folk, and Greek myths and legends by the score make this island a sunny idyll. Still divided 80/18 by Greek and Turkish Cypriots, the Greek 80 percent is booming with new luxury resort hotels, a mix of piney mountains, shores, ancient temples and mosaics, and a local wine industry that will prove a surprise.

Rafting in Nepal—"stimulating."

RAFTING IN NEPAL—In this Himalayan kingdom where trekking's been the name of the game, rafting is something new, stimulating, and exciting. White-water trips on the Trisuli and Narayani Rivers, negotiating swift, clear, glacial waters in 16-foot inflatables, a good chance to see the mountain valleys' wildlife: crocodiles, rhino, deer, hundreds of birds and waterfowl. Fish for trout in chill mountain streams. Even join the Royal Bengal tiger-watch with an overnight at Tiger Tops Jungle Lodge or in a tented jungle camp.

FALCONER'S DREAM TOUR of Pakistan— Newly stabilized and welcoming tourism again, Pakistan offers numerous inducements. This Pakistan International Airlines' tour leads you to one of the last places in the world where this ancient "sport of kings" is still practiced. Karachi, Lahore, Peshawar—part of the falconry circuit—hunt, visit bird markets, study the craft. ◉

Patricia Brooks reviews restaurants for the New York Times *Connecticut section and contributes frequently to* Travel and Leisure.

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A Night on the Siamese Express

by Griffin Smith

CONSIDERING SOUTHEAST Asia's geography, flying seems inevitable—at least until China lets travelers meander across the mainland en route to other destinations. So it is worthwhile seizing any practical chance to see things at ground level.

One of the best is the Thai Railways' express train between Bangkok and Chiang Mai. The overnight trip lasts just long enough; the equipment is well-run; and the standard of comfort is adequate to please anyone from the seasoned backpacker to all but the stuffiest devotee of the deluxe. Moreover, it's convenient, and it's cheap.

I happened to be aboard on the weekend preceding Loy Krathong, the full-moon festival in November when the Thais celebrate the end of the monsoon by weaving tiny boats from banana leaves, placing inside a coin, a lighted candle, and a lotus flower, and floating them down the rain-swollen rivers to bear away the past year's sorrows. The train was crowded because

HORACE SUTTON

Bangkok—"ground level."

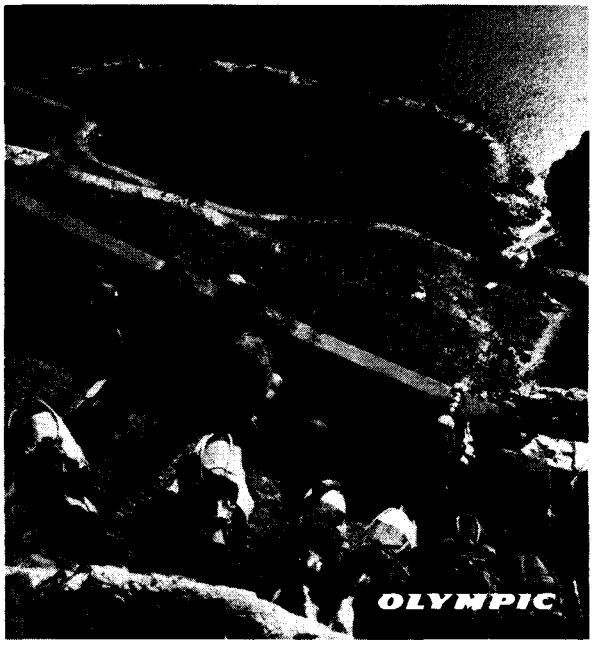
Chiang Mai's celebration is reputed to be the best of all.

As the departure time of six o'clock neared, the trackside vendors at Hua Lampong station did a brisk business selling coconuts, toothpaste, and romantic Thai novels. In the coaches, young guitar-toting Thais were in the mood for song. In the second-class sleepers, whole families threaded their way past the latticework of metal racks for bedding and luggage and rolled down the windows to wave goodbye to their friends. In the diner, the cooks had already started peeling shrimp.

Night comes a bit too soon on the northbound run. Smoke from dinner fires begins to drift along the ground in slender streams, and at twilight sarong-clad Thai girls emerge, ethereally modest, from their baths in the canals. By the time the train reaches Lop Buri, the sky is black. One gets a glimpse of three floodlit Khmer pagodas shimmering in the distance.

I made my way to the diner, which doubles as a club car. At one end, a boisterous all-male crowd was cheerfully working its way through a second case of Mekong Whiskey. A uniformed soldier had leaned his rifle against the wall and sat nursing a bottle of beer. Beneath an oscillating ceiling fan, the waiter shuffled back and forth with

American Express has 6 ways to have a good time in Greece.



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NEW DESTINATIONS

bargain-priced stir-fried dishes and the eternal rice. In piquant contrast to the stained and soggy tablecloths, each table was decorated with an orchid in a silver vase. Moths fluttered through the open windows.

Conviviality reigned in the passenger cars. Families unpacked veritable feasts, spread everything out on laps and suitcases, and supplemented their banquets with items offered on trays candlelit at station stops. One could not walk down the aisle without being offered a dried fish, a glass of Mekong, or the chance to kibitz a round of gambling.

Less than an hour out of the station, the first-class porter was already sweeping the aisle outside my compartment for bits of dust only he could see. Like most Western tourists and Thai businessmen, I had chosen first-class not for its spacious rooms, spit-and-polish service, or its cold-water shower, but for its air conditioning. That turned out to be a mixed blessing. As the night deepened, so did the winter. Sometime around two, I crawled out from beneath my blanket and groped for a thermostat. Instead I found a knob labeled "temperature" with four settings—low, medium, high, and high—none of which had the slightest effect on the polar air. A handle in the ceiling seemed promising until I read the dial: clockwise for *"cold,"* and counterclockwise for ... *"colder."*

We reached the refreshing upland country of Chiang Mai just after dawn. I made a mental note to visit a local market and buy an extra blanket for the return trip.

The southbound train leaves in late afternoon and provides spacious views of the forested mountains that make Chiang Mai seem like parts of California. It is ideal for travelers who want to catch a morning flight from Bangkok, since it stops directly across the way from Don Muang Airport.

Blanket in hand, I boarded on a day when crowds were unusually sparse. The entrepreneurs selling train-side snacks had miscalculated; the quickened pace of bargaining confirmed a buyer's market. As we left, a young woman with some roasted chickens walked wearily to a bench and set down her tray; most of what she had brought was still unsold, and her face was a timeless study in expressionless disappointment. She watched us go: Tomorrow there would be more trains, and more chickens. ◉

Formerly a senior editor at Texas Monthly Magazine, *Griffin Smith lives in Washington and has just returned from an extensive tour of the Far East.*

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LOOKOUTS

STEVEN CARAS

Daniel Duell and Kyra Nichols, exuberant in Spring.

Dance for All Seasons

Jerome Robbins has created to music of Verdi a new ballet, *The Four Seasons*, that statistically represents a milestone in the relationship between Robbins and the New York City Ballet. *The Four Seasons* is the 35th ballet that Robbins has staged for the NYCB, and marks the 30th anniversary of his association with the company headed by the almost legendary George Balanchine.

Artistically, the new work is not an unqualified success. The first two sections—Winter, Spring—disclose Robbins at his most brilliant. Sparkling wit and superb choreographic imagination are fused in the hilarious movements accorded shivering dancers in the opening segment, while lyricism and exuberance characterize Spring. In both, the choreographic architecture is structurally seamless, the classical steps, positions, *port-de-bras* are presented to us in wonderfully fresh sequences.

Summer, however, slips badly, choreographically, and Fall falters except for a dazzling solo Robbins created for Mikhail Baryshnikov, a dance that also gave the Russian star the best showcase he has yet had with the company.

The Four Seasons will be performed again, probably with revisions, at the State Theater May 2-July 1, and during the rest of July at Saratoga Springs, New York.

Winner Take Nothing

Are those kids playing little league baseball just for the fun of it, or are they being driven into savage competition by coaches and parents who have sacrificed their children's happiness to their own fantasies?

In their new book, *The Little League Game* (Times Books), Lewis Yablonsky and Jonathan J. Brower state that a widespread belief of coaches and parents in Vince Lombardi's famous doctrine, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing," often causes serious psychological and sociological disorders in the seven million children who play little league each year. The authors, both sociologists from California, discuss the pressure placed upon kids with adult league players and with members of the national organization, Little League Inc.

A surprising number of conflicts arise, according to Yablonski and Brower, because many male parents and coaches want to reinforce their egos through the boys, and many female parents, often divorced or separated, want their sons to have a male image to look up to. In their view, little league can easily become a no-win proposition.

EVERETT C. JOHNSON

Some parents just won't let their kids win in sports.

Indian children's book cover.

Travels With Children's Books

Until this century, poverty and the fact that there is no common language on the Indian subcontinent presented virtually insurmountable obstacles to children's book publishing. In the Twenties a man named Gijubhai Badheka, inspired by the works of Maria Montessori, began the reform by advocating humane treatment of the schoolchildren (i.e., no beating) and by recording the tales that previously had been handed down orally from generation to generation.

Today Badheka's work is carried on by private publishers and nonprofit organizations. One of the philanthropic groups, Lok Milap Trust, is touring the world this year setting up displays of a selection of Indian children's books written in English. From April through August, four-day displays will be popping up across the United States. For details on Lok Milap Trust's schedule, write to Ms. Manjari Meghani, care of Mrs. Asha Meghani, 153 Osborn Lane, Monroe, Connecticut 06468.

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All That Jazz

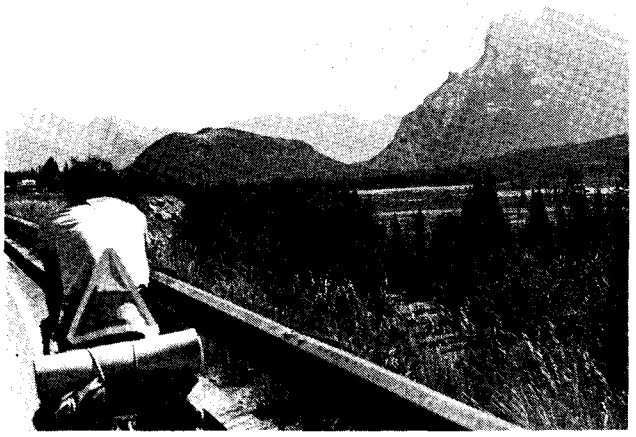
Armando Anthony (Chick) Corea has participated in, and at times dominated, every facet of jazz—Latin, "straight," electric-funk. In 1970, he joined avant-garde colleagues Anthony Braxton, Dave Holland, and Barry Altschul to form Circle (now disbanded). Recently Blue Note decided to release a quartet of their first recordings in a double album entitled *Circulus*, probably the last collection of Circle's art to which the public will be treated. The music, though at times too introverted and experimental for the average listener, is undeniably some of the group's most excitingly original.

Woody Shaw can satisfy more traditional urgings with *Stepping Stones* (Columbia), recorded at New York's Village Vanguard. Shaw's band demonstrates ensemble playing at its best—logical, lyrical, responsive.

Erich Brauer's The Cabbage Dress *(1970-72).*

Fantastic Reality

Former slave worker for the Nazis (as a child) and folk singer, Erich Brauer is also one of the founders of the Vienna School of Fantastic Realism, a post-World War II movement that was in some ways a painter's equivalent of the international Theater of the Absurd. Representative examples of the school's work were collected this past fall in Knopf's *The Fantastic Art of Vienna*. On view now (through April 29) at the Jewish Museum in New York is an exhibit of more than 150 of Brauer's glimmering, whirling evocations of remembered life.



Two-wheeling toward the town of Banff in Canada.

Foot Power

With bicyclists finally and triumphantly pedaling New York City streets (only in their bounded lanes, of course), few challenges remain for America's foot-power freaks. According to Bikecentennial, however, there's at least one that even Sunday riders can tackle. Bikecentennial, a nonprofit organization for bicycle tourers, has set up, among others, a 90-day cross-country trip that allows groups of 7 to 10 bicyclers to view America's heartland at a moderate pace. Summer trips along the backroads of America are being planned now. For information write Bikecentennial, P.O. Box 8308, Missoula, Montana 59807.

Hurricane

The man who brought us *King Kong* has been voyaging in the South Seas again, but in *Hurricane* (Paramount). Dino De Laurentis's interest is meteorological. As authoritarian temperatures rise in a Samoan-American Romeo and Juliet tale, the barometer, signaling a greater and more spectacular disaster, is dropping.

To produce the film, De Laurentis staged a regular invasion of the island of Bora Bora. He purchased a freighter to ship in construction materials, office machines, camera and lighting equipment, cars, trucks, jeeps, and enough wind and rain machines to generate tropical torrents on cue. His daughter Raffaella supervised the building of the $4-million Hotel Marara to house the cast and crew of 150 (the luxury hotel has since opened to the paying public).

But all was not clear sailing for De Laurentis's $20-million project. As if summoned, an actual hurricane made an appearance on location last February—too early to be cast in the film. Happily, however, the damage was not extensive enough to make the film's disaster story a reality.

Dayton Kane, Mia Farrow in Hurricane.

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HIGH BOY
THE MAKING OF AN ECLECTIC

by Denise Scott Brown

FANTASY IS sometimes prophecy. When, in 1968, Robert Venturi and I invented a mythical Motel Monticello,* whose sign, we wrote, was "a silhouette of an enormous Chippendale highboy," we did not expect to see, within 10 years, this highboy proposed for the facade of a Madison Avenue corporate edifice in the Radical Eclectic style.

Ten years is not a short while in architectural history. Philip Johnson, the architect of AT&T's new highboy headquarters, points out that architectural styles have, in the past, flowered with "incredible rapidity." However, the last dozen years have brought changes in architecture that, when compared with the 40 years before them, justify such paradoxical juxtapositions as "radical" and "eclectic."

That these words should describe the recent work of Philip Johnson, who himself helped to name an earlier combination the "International Style," is doubly paradoxical and has caused a media brouhaha. A *New York Times Magazine* cover portrays Johnson holding a model of the AT&T building. Its Baroque broken pediment is well exposed, and there for the world of potential architectural clients to see is the dangerous word "controversial": "Philip Johnson: A Controversial New Vision for Architecture." Inside, Paul Goldberger's article is titled "The New Age of Philip Johnson: Architecture's Elder Statesman Is Now Reshaping the American Skyline."

The controversy lies in part where the irony lies, in the fact that Philip Johnson, 72 years old, one of the world's most prominent architects, survivor of, and for 40 years ardent propagandist for, Modern architecture, has joined the vanguard of the "Post-Modernist" movement. He has renounced the difficult and austere credo of the early Modern Movement, as well as his own later efforts to expand with-

* Learning From Las Vegas, *MIT Press*

Philip Johnson—He uses his brilliance to evade the anguish of creation.

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in the confines of the International Style. He has bypassed the mess of populism, rhetoric, and kitsch that bubbled up with the social swirls of the 1960s. He has jumped into the leadership of a group of architects in their 40s and 50s, students of his students, whom he euphemistically refers to as the "kids."

Johnson's luck is that the word "controversial" cannot kill his firm's career by scaring away his corporate and governmental clients. He and his partner John Burgee will build the AT&T building, and probably their "Spanish" or "Tuscan farmhouse" Cultural Center for Dade County as well, because they are respected architects with a long history of accomplishment.

Philip Johnson: Writings (Oxford University Press, $25) does not so much describe as accompany the architect's accomplishments. And, despite a load of commentaries, *a priori* and *a posteriori*, heavy enough to sink the Talmud, it does not lead us beyond 1975 into the Radical Eclectic movement. Rather, the selections allow us to travel with Johnson from the outset of his architectural journey in 1931 to the portico of his new abode.

A preface by Vincent Scully, Yale University's architectural historian, asks us to recognize "a structure of thought and character in Johnson, not so simple, and not simply perceptive and amusing, but increasingly multileveled, shadowed, and complex." This theme of complexity and seriousness beneath the surface is pursued by Peter Eisenman, one of the "young" architects of Johnson's latest group, in an introduction that is the most interesting of the commentaries. Johnson's essays follow, each prefaced by comments from Robert Stern, another member of the group. In an afterword, Johnson surveys the journey and ends with a statement of present principle, or nonprinciple: "Who today can stand up and say: 'I am right!'? Who, indeed, would want to?" There follows a chronology of work and a bibliography that have been prepared by David Whitney and David White.

Johnson makes an urbane and civilized travel companion. His style is varied—informal, formal, didactic, conversational, scholarly, pungent, or wicked—to suit the occasion. It is always elegant. The journey is both fascinating and poignant for many of us architects because it is our own as well as his. He starts in 1931 aged 25—"bright-boy Johnson," he later writes of himself, claiming that he recognized Mies van der Rohe as the best of the Modern architects in 1928. He is earnest, sophomoric, and direct. There is no trace yet of the characteristics of his

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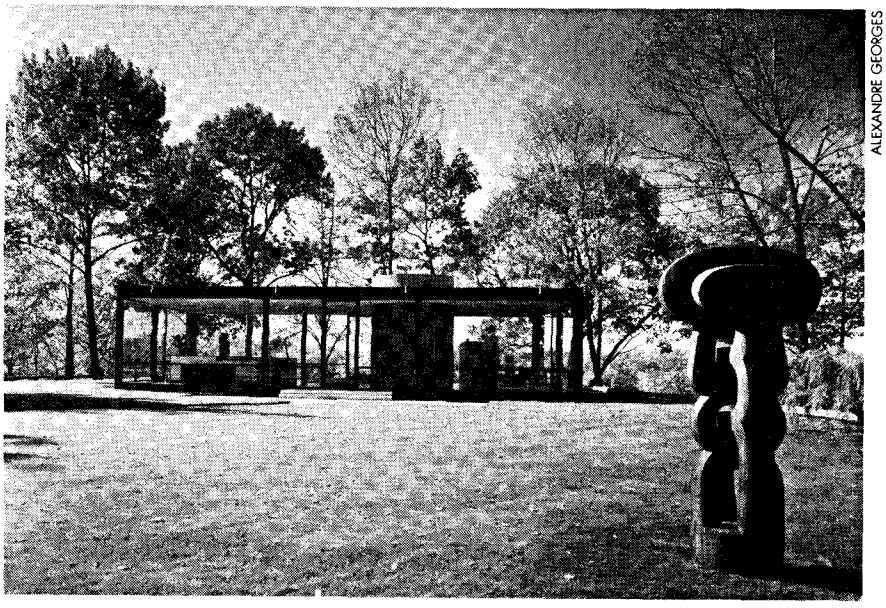

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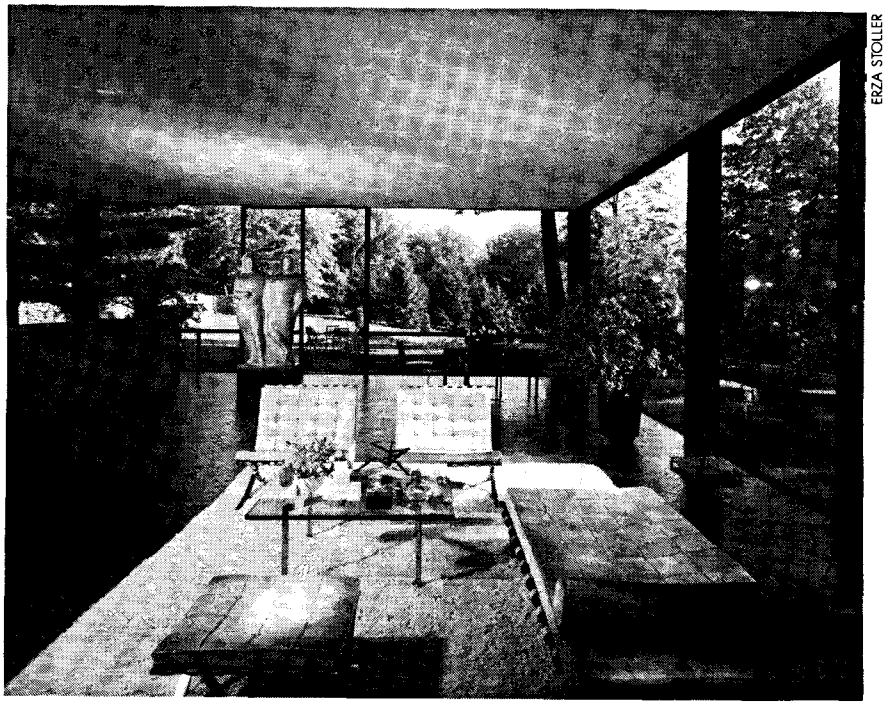
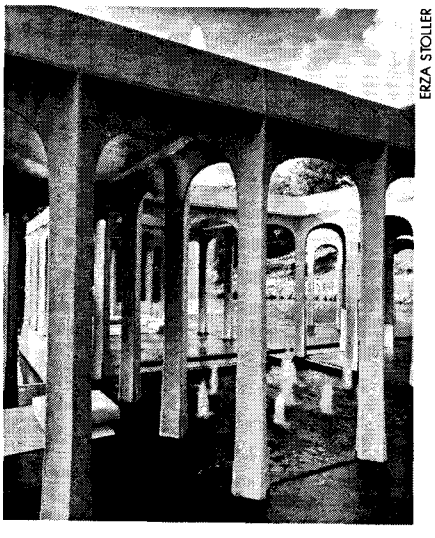


ERZA STOLLER



ERZA STOLLER

The exterior and interior of Johnson's glass house (above)—Perhaps the best he's done and will ever do. The house's garden pavilion (left) is its "satin slipper," a jeu d'esprit.

later style—the wit, the self-deprecation, the maxims designed to shock.

Johnson's famous "glass house," built in 1949 for himself in New Canaan, Connecticut, dates from this early period. The work has become a touchstone for the estimation of all Johnson's subsequent architecture and also of that by other American architects. Johnson himself returns to re-evaluate the house with each change in his outlook. "I ... built my glass house in the middle of a neo-Colonial town," he comments in *Architectural Record* (July 1978). "It never occurred to me then to look at the neo-Colonial village and try to work with it. I certainly would now."

The critics seem to agree that the glass house was built in the shadow of Mies van der Rohe, and that it is outstanding mainly for its subtlety. They suggest it is the best work Johnson has done and probably the best he will ever do. This must be profoundly boring for Johnson.

My surprise in visiting the glass house was to find it sturdy. This is not an adjective applied or applicable to Mies; it relates to aspects of classicism other than the qualities of balance, measure, and poetic rationality associated with Mies's architecture. It suggests rather the classical humanism described by another mentor of Johnson, Geoffrey Scott. The black, steel columns of Johnson's house, like the rounded and subtly proportioned marble columns of a Greek temple, suggest the human body. An unusual oscillation in our associations—between a machine rationality, which we link to steel and glass, and a warm humanity, which we relate to antique Mediterranean classicism—gives force to this architecture, as it does to some of the early Modern work of Le Corbusier. It also suggests that Johnson forms the link between Mies and the Louis Kahn of the Richards Medical Laboratory.

The siting adds to the oscillation. Johnson has managed to make his steel and glass temple, set on a promontory where the view goes right through, feel like the end of the line. It feels like home.

In the mid-Fifties Johnson is still a Modernist, claiming intellectual and formal continuity with architectural thought and design back to 1923, for him the point of origin of Modern architecture. But his writing style has changed. He has become epigrammatic, humorous, and metaphoric. From now on he is a joy to read.

He is out to shock: "Let Bucky Fuller put together the dymaxion dwellings of the people so long as we architects can design their tombs and their monuments." He is a gossip, talking behind

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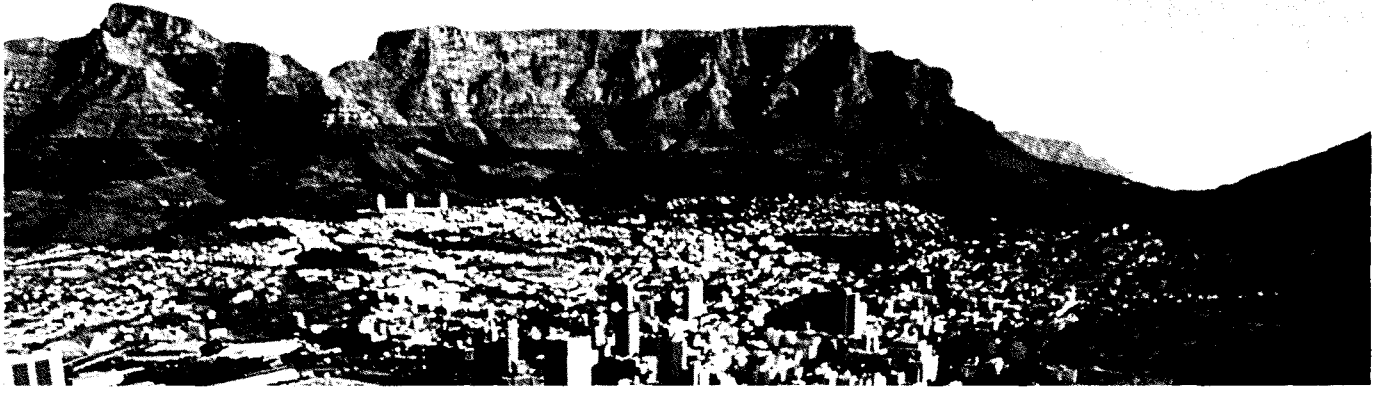

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the backs of his friends. He calls a colleague a "peasant mannerist," then adds, "Somebody will no doubt repeat it to him, and I will have to go and explain." He is disarming. To the student's question: "Some of us may feel that some of your buildings are facile?" he counters, "That is because I am a bad architect."

He is in full retreat from aspects of the Modern Movement and particularly from the moralism behind "functionalism." "Architecture, one would think, has its own validity. It needs no reference to any other discipline to make it 'viable' or to 'justify' its value. We might even question whether words like value or morals are applicable to an architectural style." He is against words because "the word kills art," yet gives the impression that he is hiding behind a barrage of words. For he is now in his "ballet-school" phase, the one least satisfactory to the critics and possibly to Johnson as well; he later defines it as "sporadic, superficial historicism mixed lightly over an International Style base."

He is too intelligent to adhere in changed times to the rhetoric of early Modern architecture, yet he can find nothing to replace it. "The only principle that I can conceive of believing in is the Principle of Uncertainty." In "The Seven Crutches of Modern Architecture," a star piece of the book, he denies that fulfilling practical requirements alone will produce architecture. He decries the use of spurious supports in the making of architecture. Among the "crutches" are Utility, Comfort, Cheapness, and Structure. This essay reveals Johnson in full irony, especially as he admits to using the crutch of Structure "all the time myself. I'm going to go on using it," he avers, even as he states, "Architecture is the sum of inescapable artistic decisions that you have to make. If you're strong you can make them." As an alternative to crutches he recommends following tradition by building on the work of "our spiritual fathers," the great Modern architects. Seven years later, in 1961, this recommendation too is cast out as Johnson "cannot find any shapes to copy, and forms like the good old Malevitch and Mondrian 1920 ones to fit in." Nor, he complains, do his contemporaries give him a clear lead; they are too erratic.

In the midst of the uncertainty, he produces, in 1962, a small garden pavilion, set in the pond in his New Canaan estate and visible from the glass house. It is a *jeu d'esprit* that plays on scale and on a conventional arcuated form of the 1950s. Stern finds it too earnest, using "precast concrete where only either lathe and plaster or marble would do." Johnson compares it to "high-style, high-heel evening slippers, preferably satin." It is a small and limited building that plays a small and limited game, but it is derived in passion and seems central to Johnson's artistry, as were the glass house and perhaps the Rockefeller house, but few other buildings thereafter.

The problem with Johnson the artist seems to be that he has not centered. With his brilliant mind, his emotional refusal to be trammeled, and his intellectual ability to argue himself out of constraints, he flits eternally. His verbalism creates a barrier to his artistry. He reads, surely more than any other architect. But he forgets to forget. So he is rarely alone in that room he has mentioned, where decisions are made. His architecture seldom seems to emerge in agony, through the mesh of himself.

In defining architecture's constraints as crutches rather than causes for anguish, he avoids the aesthetic tempering and burnishing that would make his work great art. The "complex and shadowed" being Eisenman discerns in Johnson is not expressed in his architecture. In the end he lacks intensity. I wish his friends would chuck his crutches at him. In sidestepping, he might find his proper stride. Johnson should be a functionalist, or whatever other "ist" would make him passionate, for *aesthetic* reasons.

There is a nine-year gap in between the writing of the last two essays of the book. When Johnson reappears in 1975, he is still a man of no architectural faith, but he is keenly aware of changes younger architects have wrought. New stars (Stirling, "Venturi," Stern), and some new-old ones (Lutyens, McKim) are in his firmament. In the afterword Johnson, now the Radical Eclectic, comments on the ideas of the earlier Johnson and the architects who went with him. The term "functional eclectic," he suggests, suits him best, as it allows him to "roam history at will ... study anew the *genius loci*," and turn "toward preservation, not radical innovation." As "crutches" he permits himself the work of other architects, including McKim, Mies, and Venturi and Rauch. Paraphrasing our definitions of two types of architecture, he claims his Pennzoil building in Houston is a "duck" and his AT&T building a "decorated shed." He has found new "shapes to copy."

He sounds happier, but his conversion has not led him much further. If AT&T is a decorated shed, its entrance court is, for me, one of the duckier of recent ducks. It is self-indulgent and lacks anguish. It does not demonstrate why its symbolic allusions "to periods

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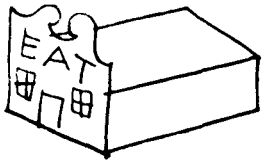
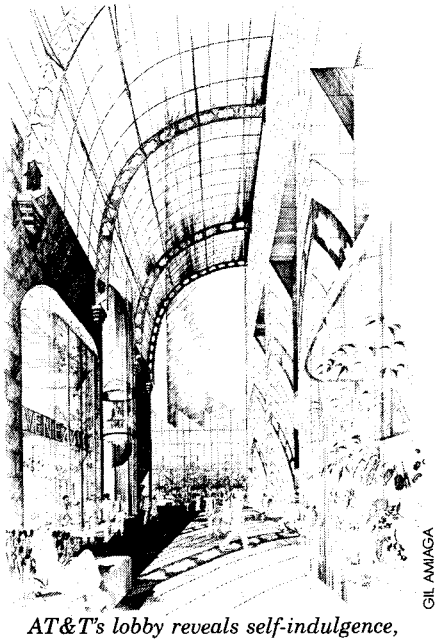
In the "duck" the whole building is distorted to serve a symbolic function.



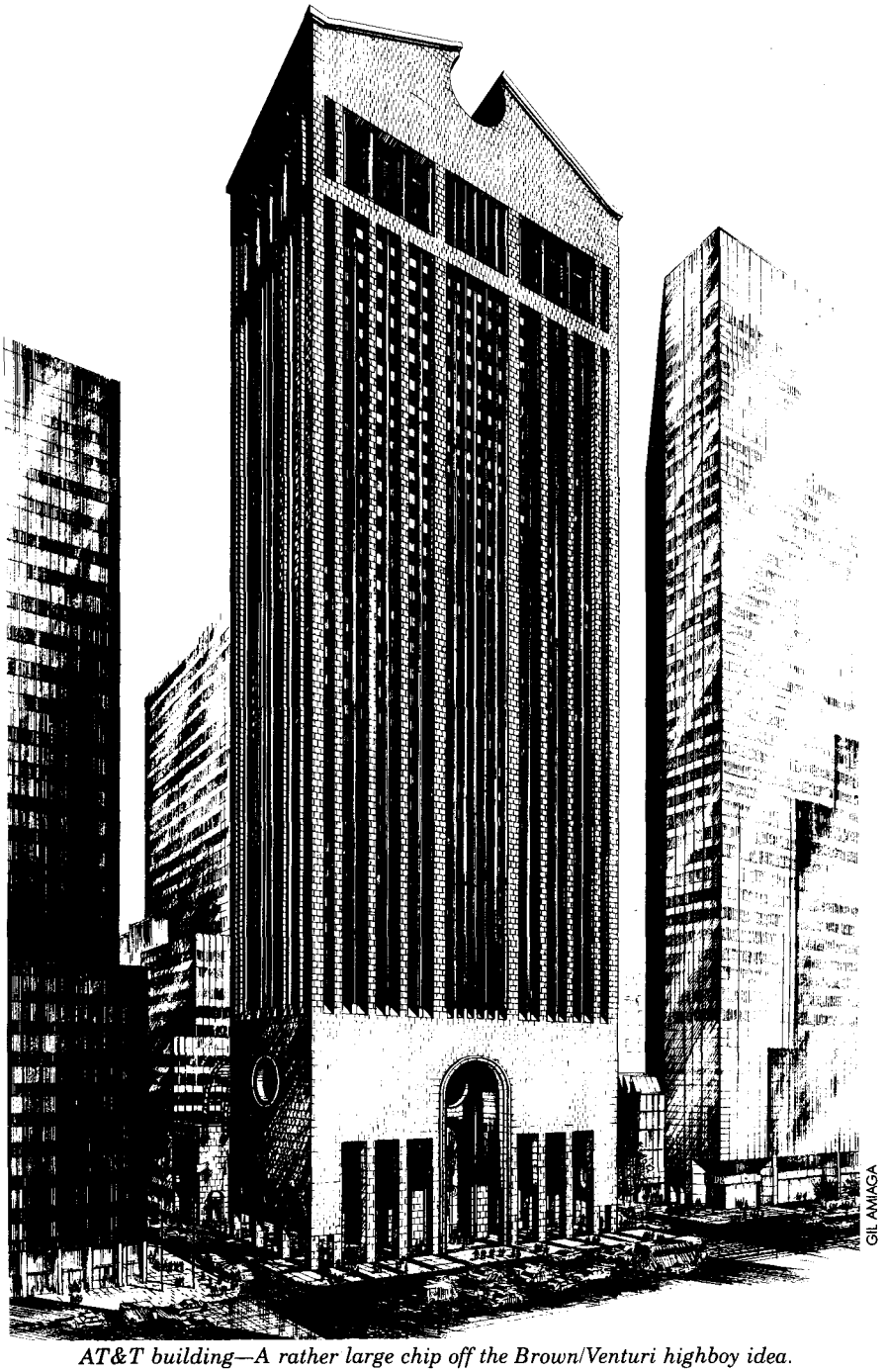
In a "decorated shed", a symbolic appliqué is added to a building whose other features are not exaggerated for symbolic reasons.

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT VENTURI



GIL AMIAGA

AT&T's lobby reveals self-indulgence, not symbolic intent.



GIL AMIAGA

AT&T building—A rather large chip off the Brown/Venturi highboy idea.

from Rome to the 1920s" are right for AT&T, or us, today. It has too little in common with the entrance lobby of a speculative office building; whereas it should give the sense of pushing against the bounds and constraints of the commonplace to derive a little more for our bedraggled society. It should give this feeling even if it is built in gold. It lacks the tensions Michelangelo achieved by constraining the dimensions of his entrance to the Laurentian Library, and it lacks the quality Vincent Scully attributes to the entrance of Kahn's Richards Medical Laboratory—a sense of tragedy. Nor does it suggest a satin slipper. If there is some convincing quality between these extremes, Johnson has not defined that either (although Alvar Aalto did).

During the nine years between the last two essays in the selections, this country was caught in a violent social upheaval. Today's architects should expend their passions grappling architecturally with its consequences. They should be searching along different paths (not necessarily through "social architecture") for an architectural expression to suit our time. Few are doing this. The current flurries in architectural thought—Radical Eclecticism, Post-Modernism, the new Rationalism, Beaux-Arts revivalism—serve to distract us from the more difficult job. None of these movements need be, though all seem to be, a cop-out. We architects are back at our fiddling. Johnson, with his talent, brilliance, and long experience, should, but cannot, return us into the fire. ◉

Denise Scott Brown is a partner of Venturi and Rauch, Architects and Planners, and co-author, with Robert Venturi and Steven Izenour, of Learning From Las Vegas.

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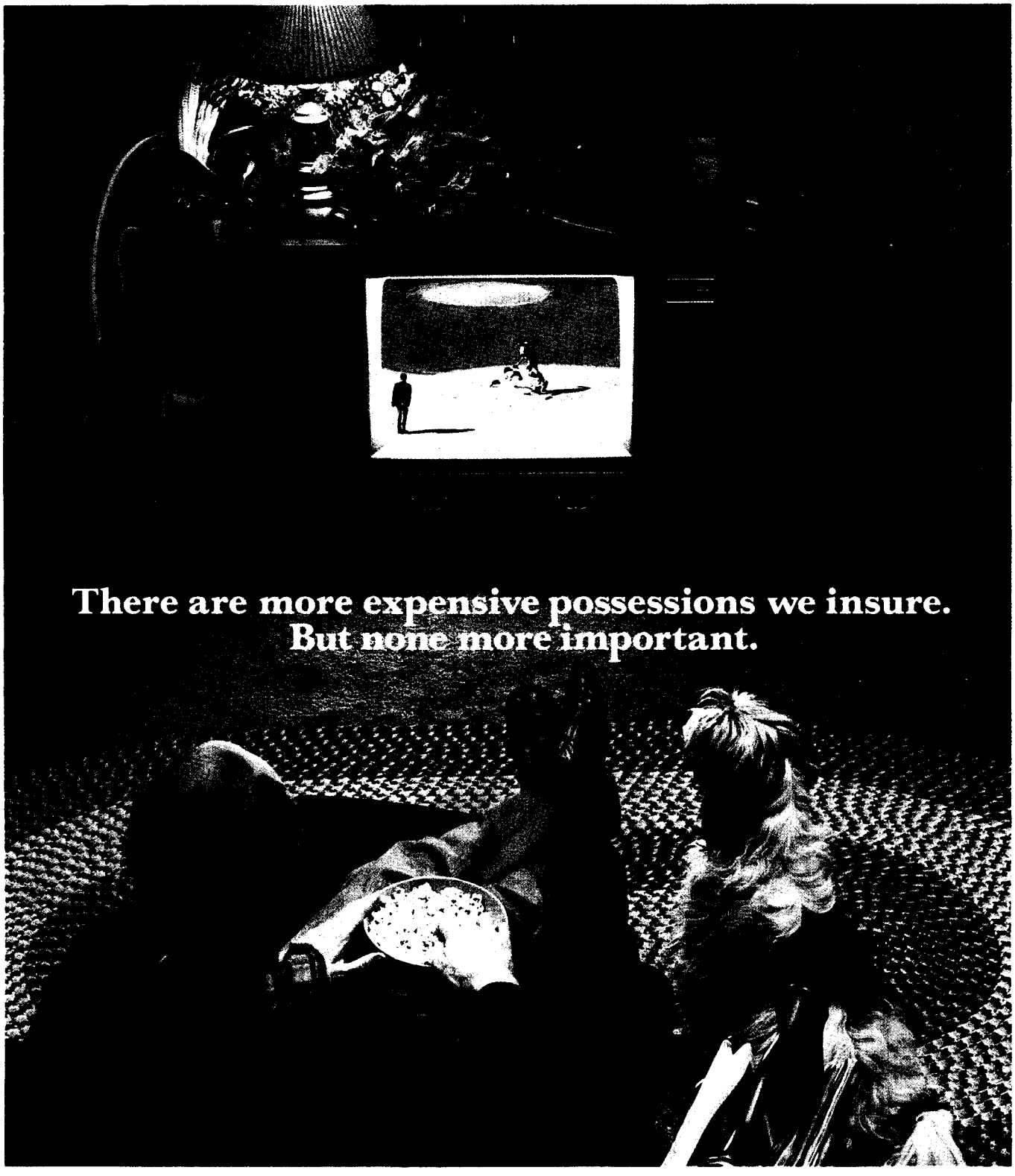

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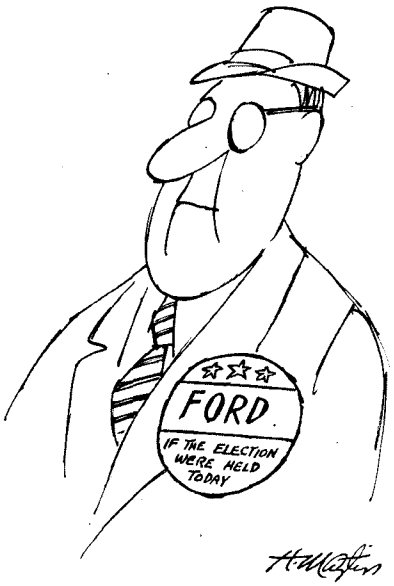
Freak Hero

IN NEW YORK, a short time ago, the most extraordinary play came along unexpectedly, which isn't the way most extraordinary plays come along. The premiere of Bernard Pomerance's *The Elephant Man* was accompanied by some clues to alert the knowing theatergoer that something might be up. For one thing, its producer is Richmond Crinkley, who recently came out of left field (more precisely the Folger Theater in Washington, D.C.) to take charge of the re-opening of New York's Vivian Beaumont Theatre in Lincoln Center. For another, two actors—Carole Shelley and Kevin Conway—have shown that their own judgment of scripts is reliable. These two have seldom wasted their time or an audience's. Finally, although Pomerance is American, *The Elephant Man* received its premiere at London's Hampstead Theatre, which is known to be adventurous and stimulating.

Still, these hints provided scant indication of the play to be revealed. The first act of *The Elephant Man* is merely stunning. The second act does not fulfill all the promises, but enough answers to complete the play are there. As any artistic play must, it functions on the theatrical, emotional, literary, and metaphoric levels.

Set in Victorian London and presented in detached, formal, but stylized episodes, *The Elephant Man* is in fact about an elephant man—a freak. It has the audacity to depend upon a central character whose appearance is on the one hand crucial to the story while, on the other, theatrically impractical. It would be ludicrous to try to create this character, a hideously deformed young man named John Merrick, with putty and padding. The author's ingenuity, however, leads us to "see" this mutation in ghastly detail.



There was in fact a real John Merrick who was taken from a freak show and cared for in a hospital by a real Dr. Treves in 1880s London. At play's start, Frederick Treves, a celebrated surgeon, discovers Merrick. We see this elephant man masked and robed. He has suffered a lifetime of abuse and rejection. Treves brings Merrick to London Hospital in Whitechapel to lecture about him. We see photographs of the real Merrick enlarged and in close-up. Bones and flesh are where bones and flesh should not be. There is skin that isn't skin. Merrick is twisted and horribly misshapen.

The pictures are so horrifying, so explicit in their detail, that we transfer the image to the actor beside the screen, even though he is simply contorting his body. Mind you, theater demands nothing less than an audience's absolute conviction if it is to work. This play requires that we see a creature so monstrous no nurse can be found to care for him.

John Merrick is kept at the hospital by Dr. Treves, who hopes that he can find a cure, and make him normal. The playwright knows as well as we that such massive bone deformities are not curable. But medicine was not so well informed in the 1880s, and this play never pretends to be naturalistic.

Merrick is under such emotional stress we think he may even be retarded. Moreover, he is seriously crippled, and his head is so big that he can't lie down; he'd never be able to lift it. So he has to sleep seated.

Of course, Pomerance is using him metaphorically. He is all of us, deformed by our own individuality, an individuality that represents art. Dr. Treves, on the other hand, represents rules—conformity, if you like. Here is science versus art, reason versus spiritualism. Treves is trying to "normalize" Merrick by making him like himself. At the same time Merrick is an immensely believable and moving character, not just a symbol, and, capitalizing on the open speech patterns of an isolated human, Pomerance has given him poetic voice. "I don't know why I look like this," Merrick comments. "My mother was knocked down by an elephant when she was pregnant....I think my head is so big because it is so full of dreams."

This young man says such things to the woman who finally agrees to take care of him. This is Mrs. Kendal, an actress, someone who can at least pretend she isn't horrified by him. As it turns out, she needn't pretend, for she realizes Merrick's qualities and he finally can say all he's thought for 21 lonely years.

Mrs. Kendal brings Merrick to the world. She takes him to the theater and to concerts. She brings her friends to meet him. With her as intermediary, they appreciate him. They see themselves in him. That, as Dr. Treves points out, is Merrick's peculiar quality. Still, though this elephant man begins to act like other people, his deformities do not diminish.

As the play progresses, its author's references grow diffuse. There are religious allusions, for instance. These are confusing, but they do not fatally mar the play, for what counts most is its overwhelming humanity; its tragedy and compassion; its soaring poetry; the theatrical beauty it makes of the contrast between innocence, deformity, and the stark Victorian staging.

Pomerance has not thought this play through clearly enough, but he can tackle the problem in his next play. The quivering power of *The Elephant Man* is much rarer, and more important to the theater. The play has the drama, poetry, humanity, and intensity that we go to the theater for. When Mrs. Kendal decides, as we know she will, to show her body to Merrick; when he sighs that it is the most beautiful thing he's ever seen; when Dr. Treves comes upon them and is horrified by the impropriety; when Mrs. Kendal explains that she and Merrick were merely in Paradise; when she is dismissed, and when Merrick commits suicide (by laying down his dream-filled head), we are much too moved—transported—to quarrel.

—Martin Gottfried

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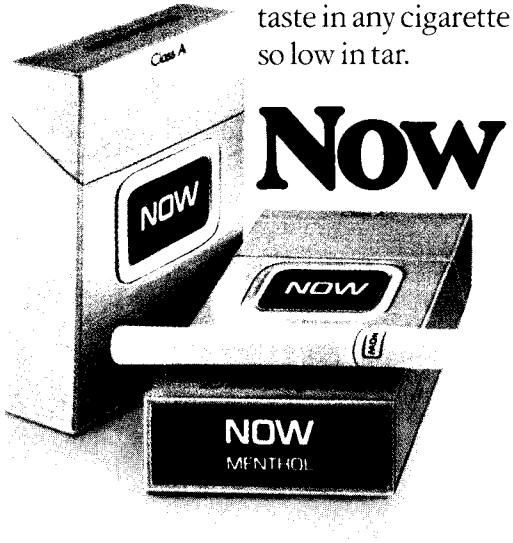

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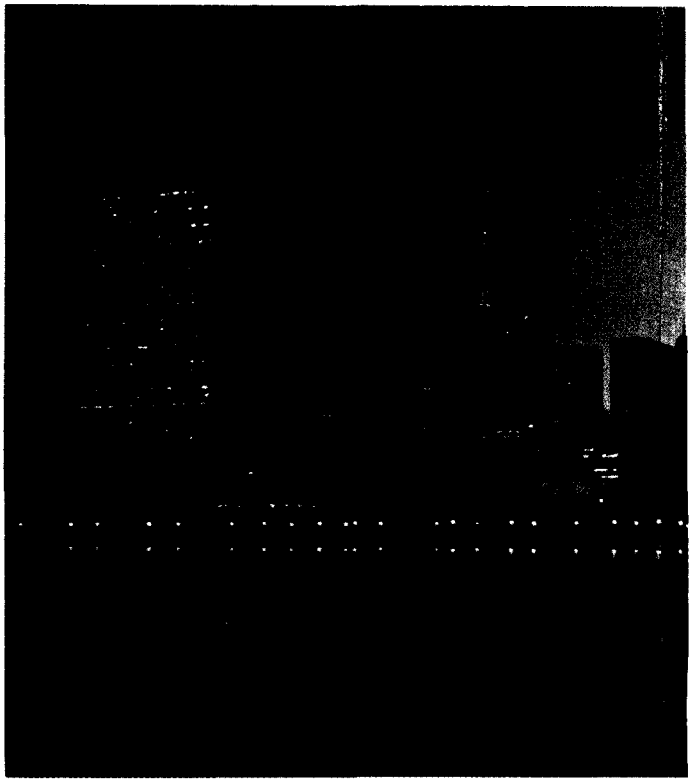

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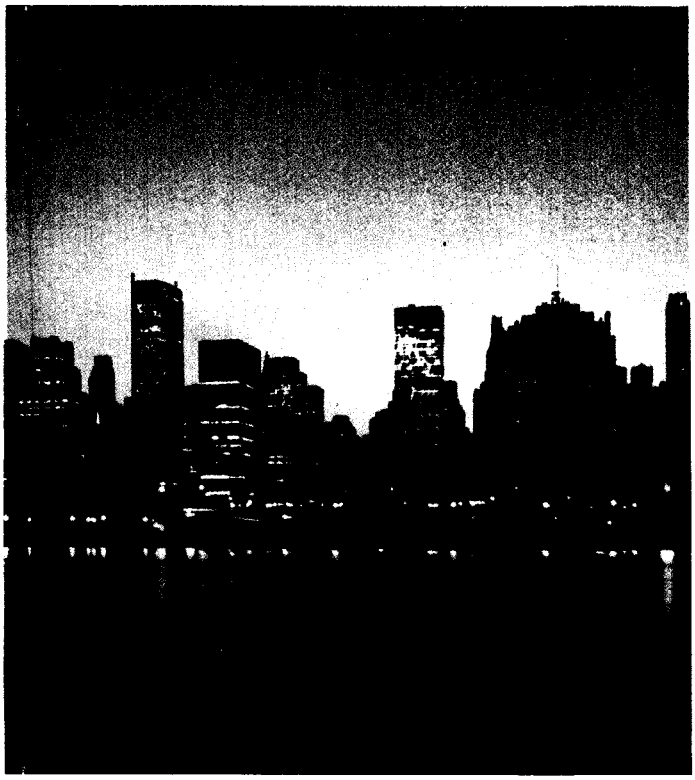

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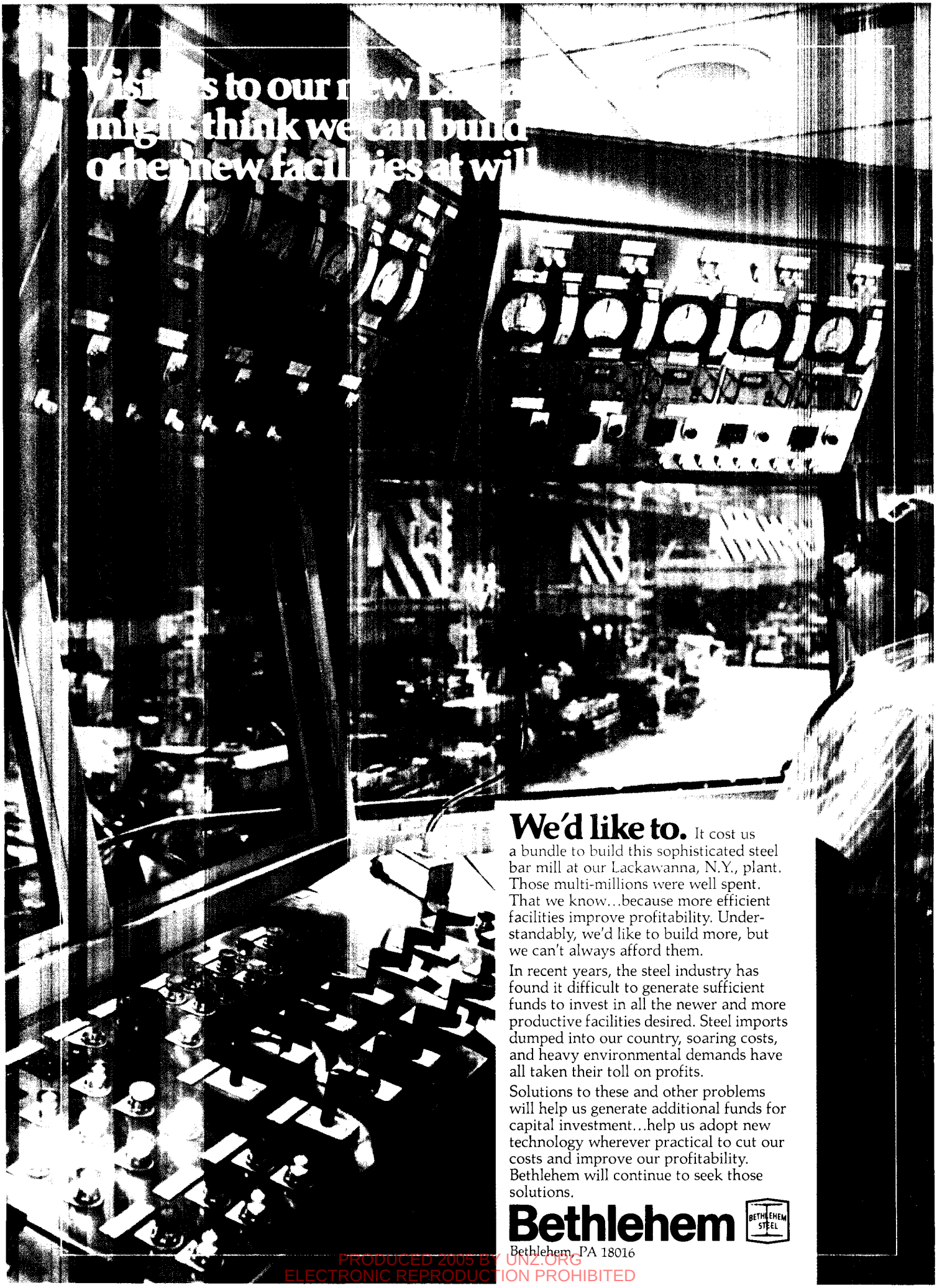

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Predictable Fun

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY of Film Critics, an estimable group of which I have the honor of being a member (don't entirely believe what Wilfrid Sheed, an ex-member, wrote about us in *Max Jamison*), voted *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* the best film of 1978. To my shame, I had not seen the French movie. With all the varied demands of life, it had not appeared urgent to rush to a movie that was (I vaguely understood) about a young woman bored by her husband and her lover and then sexually revived by a 13-year-old boy. Moreover, the film had caused no particular stir in France. Yet my revered American colleagues, after several ballots, preferred it to such contenders as *Interiors*, *Days of Heaven*, *A Slave of Love*, *The Deer Hunter*, *Go Tell the Spartans*.

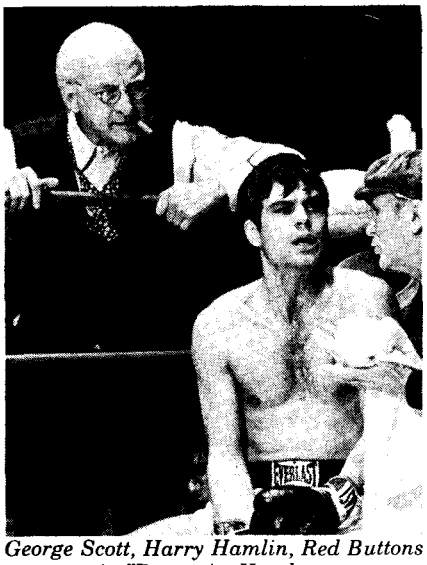
I made haste to repair my lamentable omission and now will explain why, had I seen the film in time, I still would have voted (in order) for *Interiors*, *Days of Heaven*, and *Go Tell the Spartans*. Let me say at once that, though my vague understanding about the plot of *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* was correct enough, the impression left by any such crude summary is misleading. Far from being unpleasant, the film is engaging, delicate, rather sweet, often very funny. It also seemed to me incoherent and ultimately silly.

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs falls into three moods. The first is farce. A husband, despairing of his inability to interest his pretty wife, procures a lover for her. Both husband and lover are good-hearted simpletons, extremely well played by Gerard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere, and the wife remains as bored by the lover as by the husband. All this makes for agreeable, if sometimes predictable, fun. Thus, the lover is a Mozart enthusiast, and in one scene the husband imagines that Mozart comes to earth again, hears the strains of his music coming from their flat, ascends the stairs, arrives at the door—and the audience knows that, just at this moment, there will indeed be a knocking at the door, which inevitably there is.

The film's second mood is sharply different. The husband and wife go off for a summer vacation with the lover, who runs a boys' camp. One of the boys is picked on by the others; he has a sensitive, sensual face; and the moment the wife looks at him, the outcome (even if one had not already known it from the reviews) is as predictable as the knock on the door during the Mozart fantasy. Quasi-lyrical romanticism takes over, and the film turns into a mixture of *Lolita* and *Le Diable au Corps*.

In its third mood the film collapses into ridiculous dramatics. The boy's parents send him off to school. Husband, wife, and lover kidnap him. The boy's mother, in hot pursuit, has an automobile accident, is rescued by a grocer friend of the original couple, and presumably goes off with him; in any case, both thereafter disappear from the film. The husband and lover go to prison. The boy's father has a stroke. The wife enters his house as a maid, ministers to the boy, and becomes pregnant by him. The two pals, their terms served, get out of prison, peer through the windows of the boy's house, see their adored one pregnant, and wander off gloomily down the road. Buñuel might have carried these

Depardieu, Dewaere, Riton, Laure in Get Out Your Handkerchiefs.



George Scott, Harry Hamlin, Red Buttons in "Dynamite Hands."

George Scott as dying producer in "Baxter's Beauties of 1933."

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grotesqueries off, but Bertrand Blier, for all his obvious talent, loses control. Characters and action have by now lost all credibility, and this reviewer could not give a damn any more.

Mine is a minority report. My colleagues evidently find deep continuities among the film's three diverse moods. Perhaps *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* is one of those films that surprise and enchant the unprepared reviewer, but disappoint expectations built up by ecstatic reviews. Its predictabilities of plot, its confusion of levels, and its general mindlessness left this belated reviewer in a state of mild exasperation. Nor is the film helped by the subtitles, which were evidently composed by someone who had heard no American slang since the late Sixties; people constantly "dig" things, earn "bread," "bug" other people, get off their friends' backs and into their sacks, and say "no sweat" to one another. Still Depardieu and Dewaere are quite marvelous as the two amiable idiots, and Carol Laure is attractive as the zombielike wife. One cannot suppress the suspicion, which is voiced at one point by the failed lover, that her air of mystery conceals not sensibility but stupidity.

I found Stanley Donen's *Movie Movie* more to my taste, though it would not have occurred to me to vote it the best film of 1978. This charming parody of a Warner Bros. double-feature bill of 45 years ago—"Dynamite Hands," a saga of a slum boy who becomes a professional boxer to earn the money to save his sister from blindness, followed by "Baxter's Beauties of 1933," a musical picture in the style of *Forty-Second Street*—is carried out with high zest and affectionate understanding. Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, the writers, are masters of the Warner Bros. metaphorical-vernacular style ("I was riding piggy-back on the rainbow") and mix their metaphors with delicious effect ("Funny how many times your guts can get a slap in the face"). Stanley Donen, the director, has great fun with the old-fashioned montage impressionism that compresses a boxer's tour or a musical comedy's weeks of rehearsal into a whirl of images. George C. Scott, Barry Bostwick, Red Buttons, Art Carney, and an excellent cast reenact the famous old Warner Bros. stock company. With Depression economy, the two movies even use many of the same sets. The only trick missed was the splendid Warner Bros. device of showing the faces of the players in the titles. *Movie Movie* is an undiluted delight. It will probably be more popular in France than *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* was.

—**Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.**

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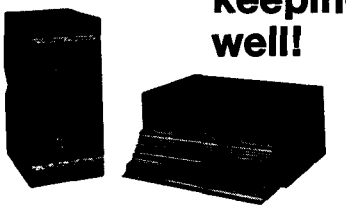

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MALAMUD'S REACH

by Richard Locke

Dubin's Lives
by Bernard Malamud
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 362 pp., $10

SEVERAL YEARS AGO it seemed as if, in the pantheon of Jewish-American writers, Bellow was the brains, Mailer the nerves, Roth the mouth, and Malamud the heart. Today both Roth and Malamud have come to seem much smaller than the other two. Though Bellow and Mailer have certainly had their troubles, they keep on taking risks and growing. Roth certainly takes risks, but he seems stuck in his shticks, flailing about in autobiographical comic fragments. Malamud, alas, has gone after big subjects, eternal truths, although his gift is for the intimate details of Jewish life and feeling.

Over the years he has lost his sense of humor and become self-important, sententious, morally vain. He has delivered himself of such nonsense as "all men are Jews" (tell it to the Nazis), and he recently declared that "life is a tragedy full of joy" and proclaimed "when I think of my father, I am filled with a sense of sweet humanity." Who, we ask, is filled with what?

Despite this self-inflation and self-deception, Malamud at 64 is unquestionably one of America's foremost writers. In nearly 30 years he has produced no less than three volumes of short stories, including his classic, *The Magic Barrel*, which won the National Book Award in 1959, and six novels. These range from *The Natural* (1952), an allegory about baseball, and *The Assistant* (1957), a deservedly celebrated fable of suffering and redemption in a Jewish grocery store, to *A New Life* (1961), an all-American novel of academic politics and romantic love out West, *The Fixer* (1966), a historical novel of Jewish martyrdom in Czarist Russia that brought him his second National Book Award, *Pictures of Fidelman* (1969), short stories assembled to form a novel, and *The Ten-*

FREDERICK SCHNEIDER

The ghost haunting Dubin's biography of D.H. Lawrence haunts Malamud's book too.

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ants (1971), a meditation on the racial strife between blacks and Jews in the 1960s.

Now, six years after his last book, a collection of stories called *Rembrandt's Hat*, Malamud has given us a long and ambitious novel about love, old age and youth, and the literary vocation. If *The Fixer* aspired to Dostoyevskian extremes of pain and suffering, *Dubin's Lives* reaches for Tolstoyan ripeness and wisdom. But Malamud's reach exceeds his grasp; he wants to be a great moral novelist, a humanist, and this ambition often leads him into melodrama, pathos, and willful, self-aggrandizing effects. *Dubin's Lives* is the kind of morally pretentious, "serious," "literary" book that tends to be greeted with open arms, wet eyes, and loud praise. Reader, beware.

At 56, we learn, William B. Dubin is one of America's foremost writers. His biographies of Lincoln, Mark Twain, and Thoreau have won universal praise and a presidential medal; now, after several years of research, he is about to begin a life of D.H. Lawrence. Dubin lives with his wife of more than 25 years in a small town in upstate New York near the Vermont border. Every day he takes a long walk, observing nature like Thoreau or Lawrence. His wife gardens and works part-time in the local library; he writes. Their two children are grown but unfulfilled: His son Gerald is a Vietnam deserter living in Stockholm, his daughter Maud is a morose college student at Berkeley.

The main action of the novel is Dubin's on-again, off-again love affair with Fanny Bick, a 22-year-old college dropout whom his wife first hires as a part-time cleaning lady. The plot is carefully strung out over two-and-a-half years against the background of the changing seasons and the slow, often blocked evolution of Dubin's new book on Lawrence, sexual celebrant and prophet of the natural life.

Indeed the ghost of Lawrence haunts *Dubin's Lives*. Unlike Doris Lessing, Malamud has taken Lawrence at his most bombastic and unconvincing as a model. There are many empty speeches masquerading as Lawrentian streams of consciousness. Here, for example, is Dubin lovesick and (presumably tragically) guilty. "She lives in my blood and neither will nor reason can wring her out. Myself, my self's heart, aches for her, for a glowing fundamental pleasure that comes with and from her, an easeful enjoyment of life."

The problem is more than the style. Malamud presents the moral and psychological issues of adultery, guilt, and rejuvenating sex with less than Tolstoyan insight. One of the most important scenes in the book is when, after months of deprivation and miserable longing, Dubin finally makes love to Fanny for the first time. They are walking in flowery fields; Dubin teaches her the names of the trees and flowers, and there are Lawrentian speeches about love, sex, and marriage. Then, with what we gradually—and reluctantly—have come to recognize as a characteristically graceless and vindictive pride, Dubin says to himself as he finally hits paydirt after 200 pages, "This evens it ... for the cruel winter."

Such moral crudity is all too frequent. On his way to a sexually exciting week with Fanny in her New York apartment, Dubin feels some guilt "yet manage[s] to sidestep it: 'I'm not twenty, nor forty—I'm fifty-seven. Surely these years entitle me to this pleasure. In life one daren't miss what his nature requires. Only the spiritually impoverished can live without adventure.' " Such banal sentiments are not presented ironically. Nor are such portraits of Fanny as, "She had a gift of closeness, could almost not bear not being in contact with whomever she felt affection for. She touched, stroked, quietly pressed. Few men had it so good." Or, even worse, "With this girl I know the flowering pleasure, heathen innocence, of the natural life. I live in her sun-strong garden. He was grateful to her; they held each other close and kissed affectionately."

These tin-eared D.H. Lawrence effects are only slightly more disquieting than Fanny's unfortunate slang: "Her orgasm, she swore, spaced her," or "I dig that," or "that's cool," or "he flipped," or "don't sweat it, William," or "let's zap out and see the sights." Such quaint and "youthful" locutions have a devastatingly anti-romantic (and unintentionally comic) effect. Nothing in

"This definitely signals a relaxation of Party discipline."

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the presentation of Fanny suggests that Dubin or his author senses the deflationary force of such phrases. We learn that her first lover was a Jersey City orthodontist with a taste for kinky sex—and it's no joke (Dubin frets about it; we feel like calling out to Philip Roth for help). Fanny is much too promiscuous to inspire our affection or respect, and this, of course, diminishes Dubin in our eyes. At the end of a week in Venice, a week in which through a series of accidents they haven't made love, Dubin arrives back at their hotel two hours late to discover Fanny *in flagrante delicto* with a gondolier; she later takes up with a Venetian motorboat captain; when she and Dubin have a spat, she leaves him and immediately shacks up with her ever-ready local suitor. Juliet or Emma Bovary or Anna Karenina or Clavdia Chauchat or Ursula Brangwen or even Ramona (in Bellow's *Herzog*) she's not. In fact, as literary love objects go, she's pretty hard to take.

Dubin's wife is much more intelligent and morally attractive, but her role is quite restricted. We're meant to understand that she's just too neurotic, hung up on her memories of her long-dead first husband, too uptight for a grand passion like our hero, but in fact we come to prefer her tortured loyalty, sensitivity, and dependent love to Dubin's narcissistic vacillation and his gloomy, self-indulgent indecision. He really treats both women shabbily. He won't leave his wife for Fanny and he won't leave Fanny for his wife. He can see that his wife senses his withdrawal from their marriage, he sees her becoming more and more lonely and unhinged, but Dubin, we read, "live[s] much in his thoughts of his developing work and in long reveries of Fanny."

Finally he becomes impotent with his wife. He experiences this as a humiliation, as a sign of the onset of old age; he doesn't take it as a moral or psychological signal that might be heeded as a legitimate cry of conscience, but rather as a vindication of his lust for life. He refuses to see a psychiatrist; his wife finally asks him if he wants a divorce, but he demurs. He sinks into work trouble, lassitude, depression. He surrounds himself with biographies of great men, by implication like himself: Montaigne, Dr. Johnson, St. Augustine, Chekhov, Goya, Swift, D.H. Lawrence. There are lots of quotations. It is all very serious.

Dubin has no believable friends or confidants or even professional associates or correspondents. This isolation limits our belief in his intellectual life and tends to exaggerate our sense of his already colossal narcissism in a way that undermines his moral and psychological authority. We read, "He racked his brain thinking how not to fail [his wife] yet go on with Fanny," but the sentence is flat and lacks any genuine thrust of feeling or authorial judgment: The cliché "He racked his brain" is an indication of the uncritical self-absorption of both the author and his character.

Such inertia doesn't lend itself to narrative, and things do get mighty slow. Malamud must have sensed this, for he turns to melodrama. Will Dubin die in a blizzard? Will his wife discover Dubin and Fanny making it in the barn? What will happen to Dubin's expatriate son? (At one point, when our hero is in bed with Fanny, his wife calls long-distance from Stockholm to tell him that their son has defected to Russia.) This kind of melodrama is a sign that the author has grown desperate with his book, doubts its psychological validity, and feels obliged to pile on effects to liven things up.

As we approach the end, Dubin, like T.S. Eliot's "Gerontion," sits "alone in a drafty house, forgetting." Pathos here. Dubin's memory is going. (The pages describing his loss of memory are actually among the best and most convincing in the book.) His wife is more miserable than ever. One night in a fit of insomnia he wanders about in a farmer's dark field (symbolism). He's attacked by a dog, chased up a tree, shot at, and—in a perfectly preposterous coincidence—is picked up on the road (after 2 AM) by none other than his beloved Fanny, who has just come back from California to become the owner of a nearby farm. This incident is, we note, parallel to his wife's earlier rescue of him in a snowstorm; it's all quite deliberate, of course, but insignificant on any terms other than those found in creative-writing-class diagrams on novelistic symmetry.

As the book ends, Dubin's wife has had an affair with her psychiatrist but broken it off (more's the pity for her, we feel). The Dubins receive a melodramatic letter from their son—he is now on the run from the KGB in Russia. We never do learn what happens to him, any more than we learn whether or not their daughter, who finally reveals the cause of her sustained gloom, has had her baby by her sexagenarian black lover.

The last pages of the novel describe Dubin dropping over to see Fanny on her neighboring farm several nights a week, while pretending to work on his biography, of course, and—in the last words of the book—running past the waiting figure of her young local suitor (who presumably will marry her after Dubin dies), back to his wife "up the moonlit road, holding his half-stiffened phallus in his hand, for his wife with love."

Some love, the reader will cry, with such lovers who needs enemies? Some book—ill-written, self-serving, morally obtuse, narratively and psychologically crude.

But this is excessive. As this novel shows all too well, disappointment can breed rancor. Let us remember that Bernard Malamud did write two of the finest works of modern American fiction, *The Assistant* and *The Magic Barrel*, and let us honor his true achievement as a writer, without being too distracted by the failure of *Dubin's Lives*. ◉

Richard Locke is deputy editor of the New York Times Book Review.

Punishing Victims

The Crime Victim's Book
by Morton Bard and Dawn Sangrey
Basic Books, 223 pp., $10

Victims
by J. L. Barkas
Scribner's, 250 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by
Ernest van den Haag

IN THE WORDS of Joseph W. Bishop, Jr. (Ely Professor of Law at Yale University), courts have made the conviction of criminals "a task comparable to landing a barracuda with a trout and dry-fly." Consequently courts flourish; so do lawyers and criminals. Wherefore we've got plenty of both. There are more and more crime victims too—but laws, police, judges, correctional institutions, parole and probation counselors are concerned with criminals, not victims. Sociologists and psychologists usually depict criminals as victims of an unjust society and complain about the "crime of punishment." On television, prosecutors are rarely heroes. Defense attorneys are. Liberals are altogether devoted to the rights of criminals, to their welfare and "rehabilitation" (a.k.a. release).

Nobody rehabilitates victims of crime, however much they need and deserve help. Victims have no rights. They are allowed no voice in deciding on the prosecution and cannot protest the nonprosecution of their assailants or burglars. They are not heard in the plea bargaining that decides 90 percent of all cases outside television. The result is illustrated daily by judicially sanctioned arrangements such as the following:

Davereaux Wiggins, who was accused of hurling a 28-year-old airline stewardess in

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front of an onrushing subway train last July after putting a knife to her throat and grabbing her handbag, was sentenced to four to 12 years in prison yesterday after pleading guilty to a robbery charge. A charge of attempted murder was dropped, and the sentence was half the maximum that could have been imposed.

.... the stewardess, who suffered fractures of both legs, told the police the mugger kicked her back onto the tracks when she tried to climb out.

Mr. Wiggins reportedly told detectives that the airline stewardess, Anne Picyk, was the fourth subway passenger he had pushed in front of a train that month.

After Mr. Wiggins pushed her in front of the train, he took the keys to her Columbus Avenue apartment from her purse and was apprehended at the apartment by the police while stealing her clothes and jewelry.

The 20-year-old defendant had been indicted for attempted murder and robbery, each of which is a felony carrying a maximum sentence of 25 years in jail. Justice Roberts accepting Mr. Wiggin's guilty plea to the robbery charge, described the defendant's act as "an horrendous crime," and then imposed sentence. Mr. Wiggins will be eligible for parole after four years.

Mr. Wiggins had previously been arrested for pushing a 90-year-old man onto the tracks of the IRT station at West 181st Street. That charge was dropped when the victim was unable to identify him. (The *New York Times*, Dec. 1, 1978)

Note these interesting details: (1) The more serious charge, although obviously correct, was dropped (trial is quite a risk for the prosecution these days); (2) no charge for the burglary; (3) the judge, aware that the more serious charge had been dropped, aware that he could, nonetheless, have sentenced the defendant to a 25-year term on the remaining charge, made him eligible for parole after four years. He sentenced him to but one-third of the time he could have given him for the reduced charge of having committed one "horrendous crime." His honor thought that he should make it possible to release the defendant after a term of four years.

Society, represented by prosecutors, has rights; criminals, represented by counsel, certainly do; but victims, represented by nobody, have no rights. The defense attacks their credibility. The judge is not interested in their fate. The prosecutor is interested in them only as witnesses. Victims rarely get compensation for their losses and never for their suffering. It is hard even to get the police to return stolen goods, which are seldom found anyway.

No wonder victims usually are confused, distressed, often bitter. They may blame themselves: I must have done something to deserve what happened; I'm being punished for my sins. Others too may feel that victims must share the blame for being victimized; thus their moral obligation to help the victim is reduced, as are their guilt feelings for not meeting it. We like our universe to be morally intelligible. It is not, if the innocent suffer and the guilty get away. So, those who suffer are thought, *ipso facto*, to be guilty of something.

Few people know where the blame actually belongs: to a thoroughly disorganized criminal justice system, unable and unwilling to secure the right of law-abiding citizens to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Our courts are willfully preoccupied not with whether the defendant is guilty,

J.L. Barkas—offers anecdotes, not a study.

but with whether the police had "probable cause" to arrest him, and whether the evidence for his guilt is admissible. If not, if a policeman made a mistake in seizing the evidence, the criminal, however guilty, is released—never mind past and future victims. The Supreme Court has admitted that there is nothing in the Constitution to require these irrational rules invented by judges. They are zealously followed nonetheless.

Victimization surveys suggest that many crimes never enter the official statistics because victims are discouraged from reporting them. Reporting all too often is a waste of time and can even lead to harassment. But victims have become too numerous to ignore altogether. There are many questions that need to be answered. Does everybody have the same chance of being assaulted or burglarized? What does it depend on? What proportion of victims is young? old? male? female? black? white? rich? poor? college-educated? homosexual? heterosexual? urban? rural? How do the characteristics of victims differ in each crime category? Do they change over time? What proportion of victims is involved provocatively with criminals? or non-provocatively? or not at all? What are the high- and the low-risk activities? What precautions can one take individually and socially? What can be done for victims that is not done now—legally, financially, psychologically?

Recently, two books have appeared that are meant to tell us about victims. *The Crime Victim's Book*, by psychologist Morton Bard and writer Dawn Sangrey, does not keep the promise of its title. The relevant questions scarcely get asked, let alone answered. The book consists of anecdotes, snatches from statements by victims stitched together with pseudoprofound comments, and quotations from authorities, often of dubious relevance. What is to be learned from paragraphs like this:

> The severity of the victim's crisis is in direct proportion to the degree of violation of self. This depends first of all on the nature of the violation and its meaning to the victim. Thus the physical violence of an assault usually precipitates a stronger crisis reaction than the less intense violation of a purse snatching. When property is taken, its emotional value is more important than its monetary value. A person who is robbed of an object that has great sentimental meaning will suffer a deeper sense of violation than one from whom expensive but insignificant things are taken.

The glossary defines the obvious, and badly at that. "Not guilty plea—a formal response by a person accused of committing a specific crime in which the accused says that the charges are not true and he or she did not commit the crime." The last words merely restate the previous ones, and the definition omits the one relevant point the reader may not be aware of: A not-guilty plea usually means that the defendant prefers a trial to a plea bargain. "Sentence" is "the punishment imposed by the court on a person convicted of crime." Sentence is not "the punishment," but the decision imposing it. (The authors define "sentencing" separately—I can't figure out why—and correctly.) "Testimony—statements made in court by people who have sworn to tell the truth." Testimony need not be sworn (in European courts it often is not); nor "be made in court." (One testifies before congressional committees.) "Sodomy" includes "homosexual sexual acts." (What other homosexual acts are there?) Anyway, "Homosexual sexual acts" need not be sodomy: Homosexual interfemoral intercourse, de rigueur in ancient Greece, or masturbation, is not.

Well, pompous language and inaccurate definitions do not help; but they do not condemn a book altogether. Nor do pretentiousness and verbosity—if

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there are redeeming scientific or informative values. I can't find any. The authors do not seriously analyze the real problems that peek through their anecdotal approach nor propose solutions beyond anodynes. The book is too boring to inform the uneducated audience for which it may have been meant and reveals nothing worth telling to even mildly educated persons.

Victims, by J.L. Barkas, is a less pretentious book, and holds one's attention. It dramatizes, in serviceable English, the inadequacies of our criminal justice nonsystem and their effects on criminals (encouraging) and victims (discouraging). The statements of the distressed victims are often moving, the data accurate. Yet this too is a nonbook, a collection of anecdotes. There is no serious attempt to order, let alone organize, the material, to make sense of it, to analyze what is wrong in our system, to suggest how victimization can be reduced, and, importantly, victims helped.

A nonfiction book, if it does not break new ground, must at least provide some information not generally known, information that cannot be gleaned from any newspaper, and an analysis that helps our understanding of the material. Neither of these books meets this lenient criterion. A good popular book about victimization and victims is very much needed. It remains to be written. ◉

Ernest van den Haag is a professor of law at New York Law School. His latest book is Punishing Criminals (*Basic Books*).

Books in Brief

Suffer the Children:
The Story of Thalidomide
by the Insight Team of the "Sunday Times of London"
Viking, 309 pp., $12.95

IN THE LATE 1950s thousands of physically deformed and mentally handicapped children were born to unsuspecting mothers who had taken thalidomide as a sedative. The tragedy, though universally publicized and mourned, was compounded by fierce and protracted legal struggles between the parents of the ravaged youngsters and the large drug companies that had marketed the sedative. Britain was the battlefield of a particularly poignant and horrifying case study, a 20-year saga the details of which are finally set forth in this thorough and compassionate investigation by six members of the London Sunday *Times* staff.

There are actually two stories told here. One is a history of the drug's inception, marketing, and devastating effects. The other is an exploration of how British laws prevented the press from investigating the national tragedy.

When British parents banded together to demand that the Health Ministry conduct an inquiry, their request was denied. They were forced to sue Distillers, the company that had distributed the drug in Britain. But as soon as the parents were locked into litigation, the British laws of contempt of court precluded an examination by the press and support from a sympathetic public.

Though stymied by gag orders, the *Times* did manage to publish a story in 1968 on the roots of the thalidomide tragedy. In the early Seventies they leaked information to the public through articles peripherally related to the court case. Parliament's interest was sparked, stirring a national debate on the thalidomide disaster and the role of the press.

The newspaper's efforts yielded a higher settlement for the parents, but it was not until 1977—when the European Commission of Human Rights voted that the House of Lords had deprived the *Times* of free speech—that it was able to publish an uncensored account of the saga in its pages.

Here, as in our own Watergate debacle, the press scored a resounding victory. But the Insight Team is humble and suitably skeptical about the effects of its work. It has not radically altered the laws of the system which permitted such an injustice. And it can never repair the damaged lives of the thalidomide families.

—SUSAN OCHSHORN

The Madisons
by Virginia Moore
McGraw-Hill, 568 pp., $15

IT WAS A MARRIAGE of opposites—and, it seemed, one of convenience. James Madison was a 43-year-old, undersized, bookish bachelor with a history of epileptoid hysteria. Dolley Payne Todd was a 26-year-old bosomy widow with an open-faced joy of life. He needed a hostess to help discharge his social obligations; she, a father to help raise her 2-year-old son.

Virginia Moore's *The Madisons* richly demonstrates that the marriage was far more than a convenience. For Dolley it meant liberation. The former Quaker (she was expelled for marrying an Episcopalian) donned low-cut gowns, played loo, sipped wine, took snuff. But she was no mere butterfly. Moore, a poet-novelist-literary biographer, has perceived a vital transformation. When Dolley married James she was more a woman of heart than of

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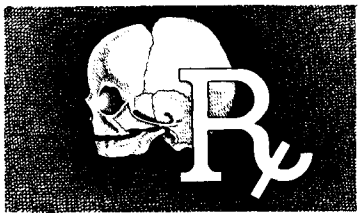

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mind. Forty-one years later, when the Englishwoman Harriet Martineau visited her at Montpelier, she found "a strong-minded woman, fully capable of entering into her husband's occupations and cares; and there is little doubt that he owed much to her intellectual companionship."

Unfortunately, Moore does not convince us of her tandem view that Dolley converted James from a cold intellectual to a warm humanitarian. He had already achieved immortality as the father of the Constitution and champion of religious freedom when he met Dolley. During his years with her in the White House he tarnished his image by steering us into the unnecessary War of 1812. Perhaps he should best be remembered for those years as the man who accompanied Dolley Madison to Washington.

—MAX M. MINTZ

A Glorious Third

by Cynthia Propper Seton
Norton, 202 pp., $8.95

CYNTHIA PROPPER SETON'S newest novel is a gem of a comedy. With delectable wit and a glittering style, Seton examines the leisured urban upper-middle class, its guilts and self-deceptions, its integrity, poignant strivings, and resignation. *A Glorious Third* is more surface than depth, more Oscar Wilde than Jane Austen; the author is a veritable gourmet chef of the language, whipping up verbal delights on every page. Excitement and suspense are generated not by the plot, which is hardly gripping, but by spicy epigrams, succulent turns of phrase.

Celia Dupont, heroine, is benign guardian of an inherited mansion in the Bronx, and self-effacing wife to Philip, who edits a liberal journal and at 52 epitomizes well-intentioned male complacency. In 1968, amid confusing new sexual mores, burgeoning feminism, political upheaval, anti-war protests, and assassinations, Celia decides to validate her existence by devoting its final third to study—history and French, Proust and Dante, for openers. She reads indefatigably, despite the distractions of a would-be lover and the escapades of five nubile daughters. Ludicrous as the project appears to her activist friends, it is a serious quest to assign traditional values their proper, if unfashionable, proportions while the world spins into chaos. Along the way, Celia also jolts Philip into renewed appreciation, makes friends with her errant mother, and sheds some of her pride of lineage.

The novel is not as neatly proportioned as its heroine's life: It suffers from an overlong beginning, sketchy middle, and sudden, far-too-cozy ending. Seton describes Celia at one point as "not really emotionally wrung," words which unfortunately apply throughout. But flaws in a writer of such high style are easily forgiven, especially since *A Glorious Third* is so gloriously irreverent.

—LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

Edward VII: Prince and King

by Giles St. Aubyn
Atheneum, 544 pp., $19.95

WITH IMPORTED Edwardiana enthroned on television these days, a new biography of the monarch who gave that stylish era his name was bound to cross the Atlantic. *Edward VII: Prince and King* is fresh in one sense, but oddly dated in another. The biography's newness springs from the recent discovery of the correspondence of Francis Knollys, who served Edward as private secretary for more than half a century. It is upon these letters, long thought destroyed, that St. Aubyn builds his portrait of the playboy prince and belated king. Yet his reliance upon the words of a man who was after all a courtier colors this work with a certain old-fashioned unctiousness. To quote a typically smarmy passage: "The king attended a reception at the Hotel de Ville, where he made an irresistible speech which went straight to the hearts of his audience." May a reader in this republic be permitted to judge that an overstatement, not to mention as stylistically daw as a shopworn paste tiara. Victoria, Edward's mother, probably gave him the highest praise to which he was entitled when she said: "I am sure no Heir-Apparent ever was so nice and unpretending as dear Bertie is." (She also held some harsher opinions about her eldest son.)

Head of the history department of Eton, and thus a member of the current British establishment, St. Aubyn writes as though he were part and parcel of the Edwardian establishment as well. Only about Queen Victoria does he allow his considerable talent for irony free rein; Edward seems to be not just a king, but *his* king, to serve. If this reader were sovereign, St. Aubyn would have devoted more space to Edward's enterprising sex life, of great psychological if not prurient interest, and less to the ins and outs of party politics, in which Edward played only a marginal role (when he wasn't simply getting in everybody's way).

—RALPH TYLER

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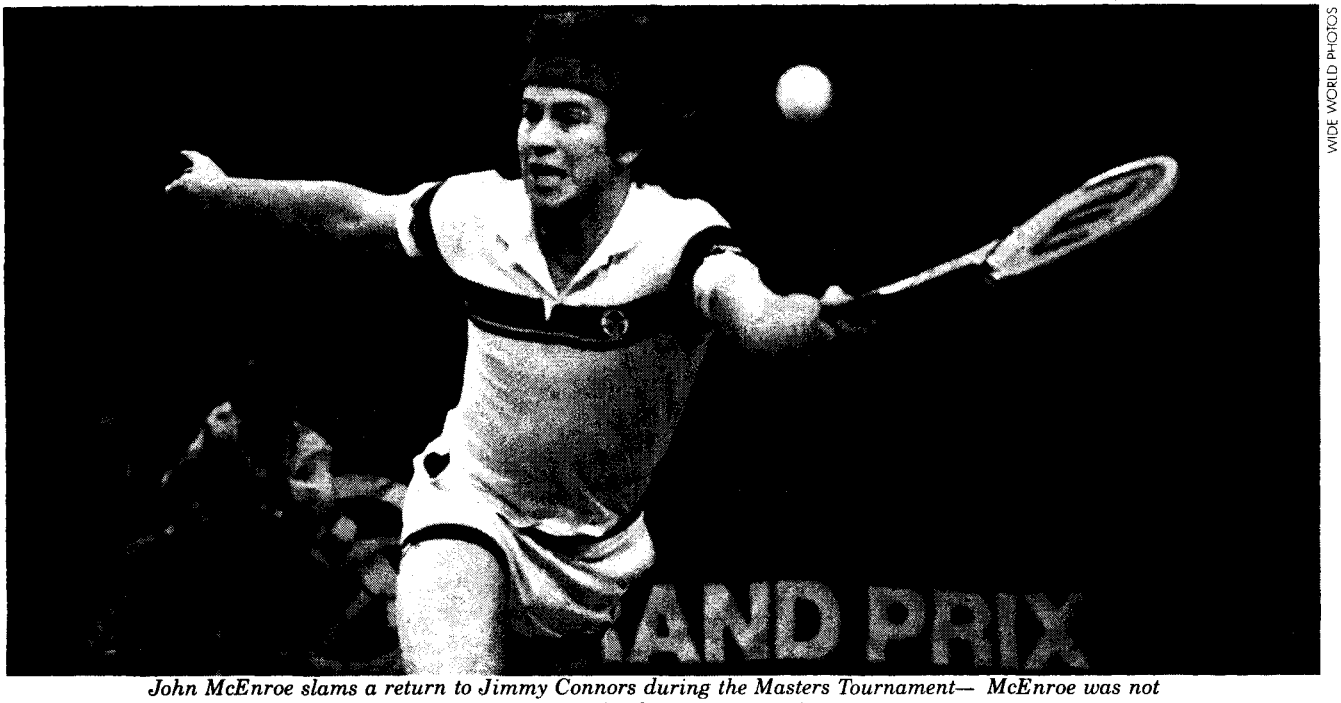
The Tangled Net of Pro Tennis



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

John McEnroe slams a return to Jimmy Connors during the Masters Tournament— McEnroe was not the least bit melancholy about trampling Jimmy's Blister.

THE COLGATE GRAND PRIX Masters match between Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe, variously billed as the World Series, heavyweight title fight, and Super Bowl of tennis, turned out to be a foozle when Connors retired, down 5-7, love-3, with an enormous blood blister under his left big toe. Bereft ticket holders notwithstanding, the tournament officials stuck by their no-default rule and eliminated Jimmy's Blister from the remainder of the Masters competition (the rule, you may recall, instituted after last year's infamous double no-show by Bjorn Borg and Guillermo Vilas).

I didn't actually see Jimmy's Blister, which sounds like the name of a Texas chili parlor; nor did I share the enthusiasm of some of my colleagues in the sporting press as they begged Connors to display it in the interview room after the match. But then again, I never cared to see Orr's Knee, Walton's Foot, or even Lyndon's Scar.

Of course, Jimmy's Blister won't reduce the swelling around McEnroe's Head. John McEnroe is the hottest tennis property in some years, a feisty little guy who plays serve-and-volley like a lanky, fay dinkum Aussie. Among other audacities, McEnroe likes to receive service from the big men standing a full foot inside the base-line, where he still manages, by severely shortening his backswing, to flick dandy approach shots on his way to net against his opponent's serve. Although his own twisting left-handed serve is still too erratic at this point in his career to rate him invincible (seven double faults in the aborted Connors match), McEnroe plays net better than anyone in the game today. He possesses the reflexes, wrist action, and anticipatory sense to back up his aggression with stop-volleys from anywhere in the forecourt. Since turning pro last June, McEnroe has reached the semi-finals at the U.S. Open, dealt twin defeats to Borg, brought the Davis Cup back to the U.S., and accumulated $445,024 in winnings (including the Masters)—not bad for a 19-year-old still given to fits of racquet-throwing.

No doubt, given the "match-of-the-decade" buildup by the Masters promoters, the cocky McEnroe was gunning for Connors, who had beaten him in all four of their previous encounters. McEnroe was not the least bit melancholy about trampling Jimmy's Blister on his way to the Masters title. "Sure, I'd have rather won by finishing the whole match, sure," said McEnroe's Head afterwards. "But with Connors, I'll take it any way I can get it. Victory over Connors is victory over Connors, and that's it."

Is it really? McEnroe still hasn't won Wimbledon, the U.S. Open, or any of the other grand-slam events, or the WCT Championship. Furthermore, he hasn't been on the circuit long enough for his rivals to discover his vulnerabilities and adapt accordingly. It's a truism in sports that a championship must not only be won, but also successfully defended under the added pressure of being the new target. As Arthur Ashe told me, "You'll see what happens, the guys are going to start caucusing in the locker room, and pretty soon they'll find ways to beat McEnroe. He'll find out in four or five months that life isn't a bowl of cherries. If there's one thing I've learned in tennis it's that no matter what you do out there, the other guys will find a way to beat you."

In the meantime, Connors has by no means been knocked off his plinth. Although coming off a month's R and R, and a year in which he pulled back from a full tournament schedule to concentrate on winning the big events, Connors amply demonstrated in his first Masters match against Harold

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Solomon (6-1, 6-2) that he hasn't lost an iota of the old atavism.

Blister or no, Jimmy Connors is still the quintessential computer-age, California tennis machine. He was hitting the ball on the rise as viciously as ever, thereby forcing the pace of rallies, and making Solomon move exactly where he wanted him. His return of service is still scathing. And he still hits by far the hardest backhand in the tennis biz, although I must add that if Connors hasn't gotten any worse, he's only improved in the obscene gestures department. In a new addition to the repertoire, he holds his nose and squats, letting a tennis ball drop scatologically between his legs. This is guaranteed to rouse delight in the most complacent Connors connoisseur and antipathy in those who have long viewed Connors as an unbearable brat. Either way, however (and here's the rub of Connors's brilliance), the antics add to his position as the dominant tennis personality and player of our time.

The Masters fell victim to its own propaganda. The posters asked "Who'll be Number One?" and listed the expected contenders. But in the event, Borg did not choose to come: He *vanted* to be alone. Vilas was nursing his intensely poetical soul in another country. Ilie Nastase was sitting in the courtside stands getting popcorn all over his chocolate-brown leisure suit. And Vitas Gerulaitis was off disco-dancing with his blow-drier.

Which brings us to the central issue in tennis today: not who is best, but how do you get the top players to show up? In the days when tennis was a mildly diverting, elite sport, the answer was quite simple: Offer enough prize money to make a tournament attractive. At one time, $50,000 would bring Laver, Rosewall, and Gonzales on the run. But that was before television insinuated its influence and corporations discovered tennis as a fashionable vehicle for marketing goods and services. Men's tennis now has a $12 million Grand Prix circuit of 92 tournaments, with prize money rising for the bigger events to the $175-225,000 range. Informed sources tell me that there are only 52 weeks per year. Ergo, someone—players, agents, players' union, or sponsors—must determine who goes where on what date.

Sponsors naturally want the stars at their tournaments. That justifies the investment to their corporate superiors and gets them closer to the celebs at the postgame parties. The top players want to make the most money with the least harm to their health, morale, and lifestyle. The Association of Tennis Professionals (ATP), the players' union, wants to provide its 400 members with as much remunerative work as possible. And television wants a neat package of brand-name players in prestigious tournaments—preferably in winter, when TV sports action is slow.

As it stood in 1978, each player had to play in 20 Grand Prix events of his own choice; at least four of the events had to be "drop-back" or those offering less than top-dollar prizes. This was an agreeable arrangement to everyone save the eight so-called "independents"; but since the latter group included Connors, Borg, Gerulaitis, Vilas, McEnroe, and Nastase, the rules had all the authority of a Carter anti-inflation program. Under the 1979 sign-up rules, still in gestation as the Masters took place, players would have to participate in a minimum of six Grand Prix events, but those events would be designated by the council: Children, go where I send ye. The independents were not ecstatic about this. As John McEnroe, Sr., a lawyer who serves as his son's agent, explained to me, "This isn't just a dollars-and-cents issue. There's a constitutional right at stake. Simply put, it's whether the council can tell these guys how to earn their living."

If they let the top players have their way, tournament tennis will fall into the same structural nightmare that has ruined boxing.

The elder McEnroe warns that if the big guns aren't accommodated, the Grand Prix circuit itself could fall apart, hurting the lower-ranked ATP players most. After all, Borg, Connors, and the other Bigs need the tour a lot less than the tour needs them. They can play highly profitable TV "special events" or only a dozen events a year, as Borg and Connors do.

Council and ATP sources, on the other hand, argue that if they let the top half-dozen players have their way, then tournament sponsors without guarantees of player commitment will pull out, TV will take a walk, and tournament tennis will collapse into the same structural nightmare that has ruined boxing.

To be sure, the collective self-interest of everybody involved mitigates against the utter Balkanization of tennis. More likely, we can expect continuing organizational struggles during which the weak actors in the drama will be forced to drop out from sheer exhaustion.

This was the meaning of the recent demise of World Team Tennis (WTT), which had offered itself as the attractive alternative to the Grand Prix circuit in much the same way a pretty young thing offers herself to a bedraggled 50-year-old married man. WTT, with its elemental team structure, its purposeful circus atmosphere, its precise 2½ hour made-for-TV "package," and its signing of players to seasonal contracts, tested the assumption that tennis could evolve into a team sport with a structure similar to that of football or baseball.

Given a trillion years and a million dollars, it might have worked, but the WTT ran out of time and money, and never really had the clout to sign the highest-ranking men. I found some aspects of the WTT presentation atrocious: for example, the format that restricted matches to one set; tennis seems to me to require the gradual unfolding of strategy, and the demonstration of staying power over a longer period. In addition, I wasn't convinced that the "beer-and-bleachers" atmosphere WTT encouraged was the best thing, mainly because it rewarded the grandstanders among the players, while penalizing those who needed silence for concentration.

Yet the variety offered by WTT will be sorely missed, if in fact the league fails to get back on its feet by spring. For one thing, WTT gave equal billing to doubles. The great, unmentioned sadness of the present convulsions in the tennis world is that men's, and to a lesser extent, women's, singles are gradually exercising monopoly power over the game. Fewer and fewer people care to see doubles, although it is a more entertaining game, thanks to the need for teamwork and the fast exchanges at net. The same is even more true for mixed doubles, the most subtle of all sports in its delicate balance of chivalry and sexual competition. Then, too, WTT provided the only mass-audience format for over-35 players like Laver and Rosewall—and even Gonzales, had he cared to sign. Since we'll probably never see such stylists again (particularly in ground strokes) due to changes in court surfaces, balls, and racquets, one can only grieve at this terrible loss.

Even with WTT's shortcomings, it provided fans an excellent opportunity to see tennis as a game of extensive variety and beauty, not as another underwhelming clash of blisters and heads.

—Jonathan Evan Maslow

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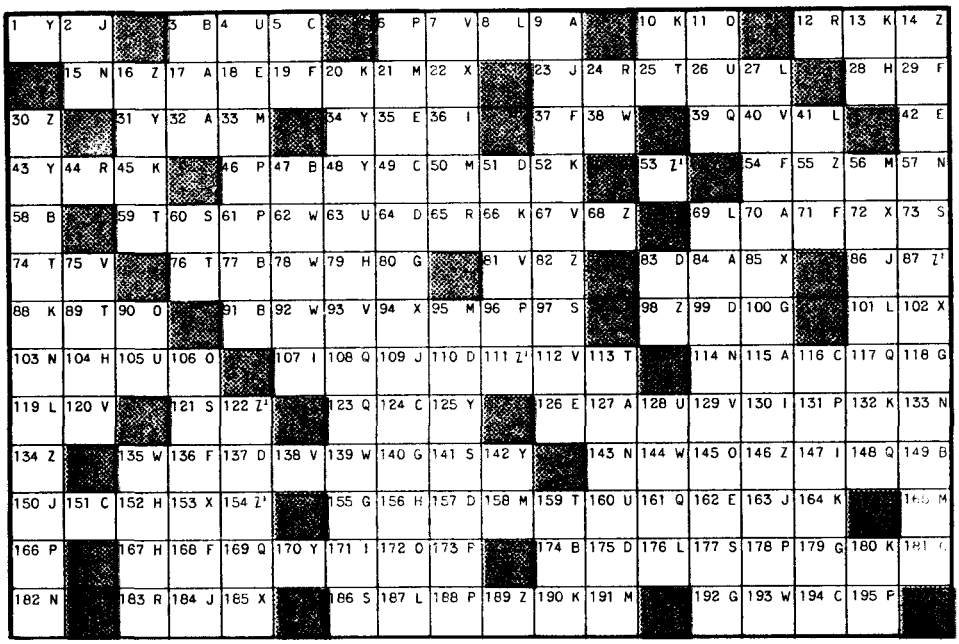
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 167

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 166 appears on page 7.



CLUES — WORDS

A. Extended portions of water or land; promontories; distances; attains, achieves — 9 17 32 70 84 115 127

B. Greek architect, co-designer of the Parthenon — 149 174 3 47 58 77 91

C. Planned, mapped — 116 124 151 181 194 5 49

D. Russian pianist, in the U.S. since 1928 — 99 137 157 175 51 64 83 110

E. Tools for the rough-dressing of timbers — 126 162 18 35 42

F. Rootlike — 71 136 168 19 29 37 54

G. Feels abhorrence of — 80 100 118 140 155 179 192

H. Colonial administrator in America (1576-1653), governor of Massachusetts, one of the founders of Harvard — 104 156 167 152 79 28

I. Irish nationalist and revolutionary (1778-1803) — 36 107 130 147 171

J. Mild, merciful, compassionate — 23 86 109 150 163 184 2

K. Early brass-wind instruments developed from the earlier wooden serpent — 10 45 13 66 88 132 180 20 164 / 190 52

L. French bagpipes of the 17th and early 18th centuries — 176 8 69 119 187 27 41 101

M. Italian painter (1502-72) whose real name was Agnolo di Cosimo di Mariano — 165 158 191 21 56 95 33 50

N. Took back; began again — 114 133 182 103 15 57 143

CLUES — WORDS

O. Reserved, reticent, distant — 172 90 106 145 11

P. Shrub or small tree also called Indian cherry (2 wds.) — 166 188 173 61 96 46 131 178 195 / 6

Q. Caustic; sarcastic; sharp — 148 108 123 39 117 161 169

R. One of the Three Musketeers — 183 12 24 44 65

S. Feels conscience-stricken or contrite — 141 60 177 73 97 121 186

T. Small tree, *Bixa orellana*, of tropical America, yielding a yellowish-red dye — 25 74 113 89 59 76 159

U. "The Pervader," one of the solar deities in the Rig-Veda — 63 105 128 4 26 160

V. Deification; glorification — 93 138 67 81 40 129 7 75 112 / 120

W. "The moist star / Upon whose influence ____ empire stands" (*Hamlet*) — 38 62 139 92 144 78 193 135

X. Established; paid off; quieted; nested — 22 72 94 102 153 85 185

Y. Prince of Troy, father of Aeneas — 1 48 31 43 170 34 125 142

Z. Completed, perfected; well-developed (2 wds.) — 189 55 30 68 146 14 134 82 16 / 98

Z'. River flowing into the Mississippi at Vicksburg — 154 53 111 87 122

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THE BACK DOOR

An Unharvested Talent

A FRIEND FROM college—call him Sylvester—is making a living, such as it is, picking apples. When he first quit a promising job in publishing and moved to New England farm country three years ago, his friends diagnosed a temporary case of disgust with the indisputable distresses of city living: traffic, dirty air, relentless competitiveness. After a brief pastoral respite of monotonous fruit-picking, Sylvester, we knew, would "get his head together" and return to the city to "make use" of his intelligence and expensive college education. True, we could all recall schoolmates who had dropped out, into drugs or fanaticism, because of their inability to cope with civilization, but Sylvester had never been one of those. Sylvester was competent, companionable—a doer who would make his mark on life.

Some weeks ago I lunched with Sylvester during his annual trek through the city to visit friends. At a hectic business-lunch restaurant, in the midst of clattering dishes, rushing busboys, and patrons eating and drinking too much and too fast, I asked him my customary question: Was he *really* fulfilled by apple-farming, or was he marking time, or maybe, just maybe, making headway on some project—a tome on the life of the orchard or something of the sort? I hoped against hope for an answer different from his answer last year and the year before last. The notion that Sylvester was doing nothing—or, more precisely, *building* nothing out of his talents—undermined my confidence in the rightness of my goals and of the sacrifices demanded by them.

No such luck. Sylvester's contentment continues. He lives with the sun and the seasons. Recently, he said, when asked the time, he had responded without thinking, "harvest time." His only contact with conventional clock and calendar is on Friday, payday, when he must squeeze his brain to recollect the number of hours he has worked during the week. He writes in his journal sometimes, he writes letters occasionally, but not as regularly as he suspects he ought and without any firm conviction that these jottings will result in an opus or a "work." He lives—simply lives—happily, and he smiles bemused at such phenomena as my appointment-crammed schedule and the frantic pace of the diners around us.

That Sylvester hasn't, over all these years, changed his attitudes forces me to confront the fact that he is not an aberration, a freakish void of ambition, but a somehow emblematic person, no less and perhaps more typical of the times than myself.

We live in an era of retrenchment. From all fronts, from all our idealistic or merely zealous initiatives, we are pulling back. After the psychological battering of Vietnam, we are retreating to our borders like hurt children, to watch how the world and our interests fare without us. After a decade of exuberant expansion, the economy shows signs of exhaustion. Recession looms. Sensible souls brace themselves for austerity. To a list of exaltedly epigrammatic initiatives—the New Deal, the New Frontier, the Great Society—President Carter has added a real downer, a New Foundation, a phrase that puts me in mind of nothing so much as fallen arches. News stories are characterized by negativism, exposés of what we've done wrong, while politicians emphasize not what government can do, but what it can't. One by one, the buoyant activists—two Kennedys, Humphrey, Rockefeller—have gone from the scene, leaving, almost alone, Teddy to attempt to focus the attentions of Americans on some purposes loftier than self-interest (however questionable his chosen purposes may be).

Viewed in this context, a solution like Sylvester's is less than surprising. In the face of such disillusion and exhaustion, and lacking any strong personal ambition or need for fortune or luxury, why not pick apples? Picking apples is a passable life, and what else is there to do with a life besides pass through it?

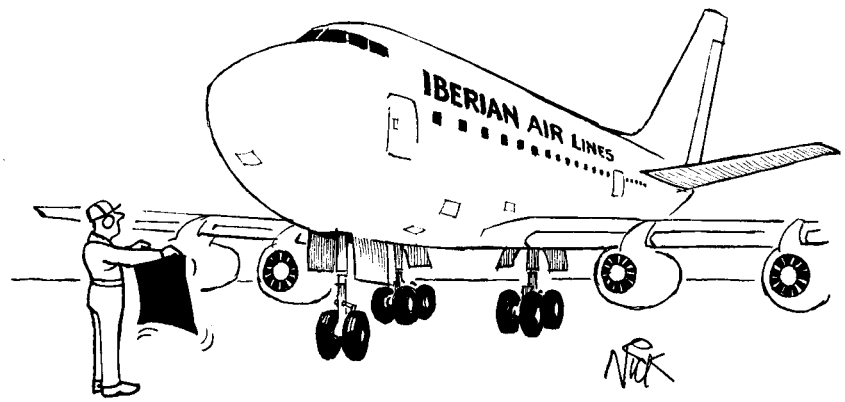
That is Sylvester's conviction. Nonetheless, I resent the waste—talent, time, intellect, education—all unutilized. Can it be that Americans are so over-endowed that they can squander such resources without regret?

My colleague, the historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., tells me not to worry. Such cycles of activism and retrenchment are predictable in America. After the ebullience of Teddy Roosevelt and the missionary zeal of Wilson came Harding's "normalcy," Coolidge's somnolence, and Hoover's detachment. After the New Deal, another World War, and Korea came the self-absorbed Fifties. The Sixties were a decade of reaching out—to the moon, to our disadvantaged, and to the embattled "free" world—while the Seventies have been a decade of disentanglement from the disillusionment and enormous costs that our activism incurred. The decade's two elected Presidents have been steelily self-serving pragmatists with scant talent for raising the populace to enthusiasm, much less to sacrifice.

So, Arthur says, wait. A day will come, perhaps soon, when the American people, tired of self-absorption, will rev themselves up and reassert their inherent idealism, create all sorts of new havoc in their zeal to improve the world.

Until which time, I sadly suppose, Sylvester will pick apples.

—Carll Tucker



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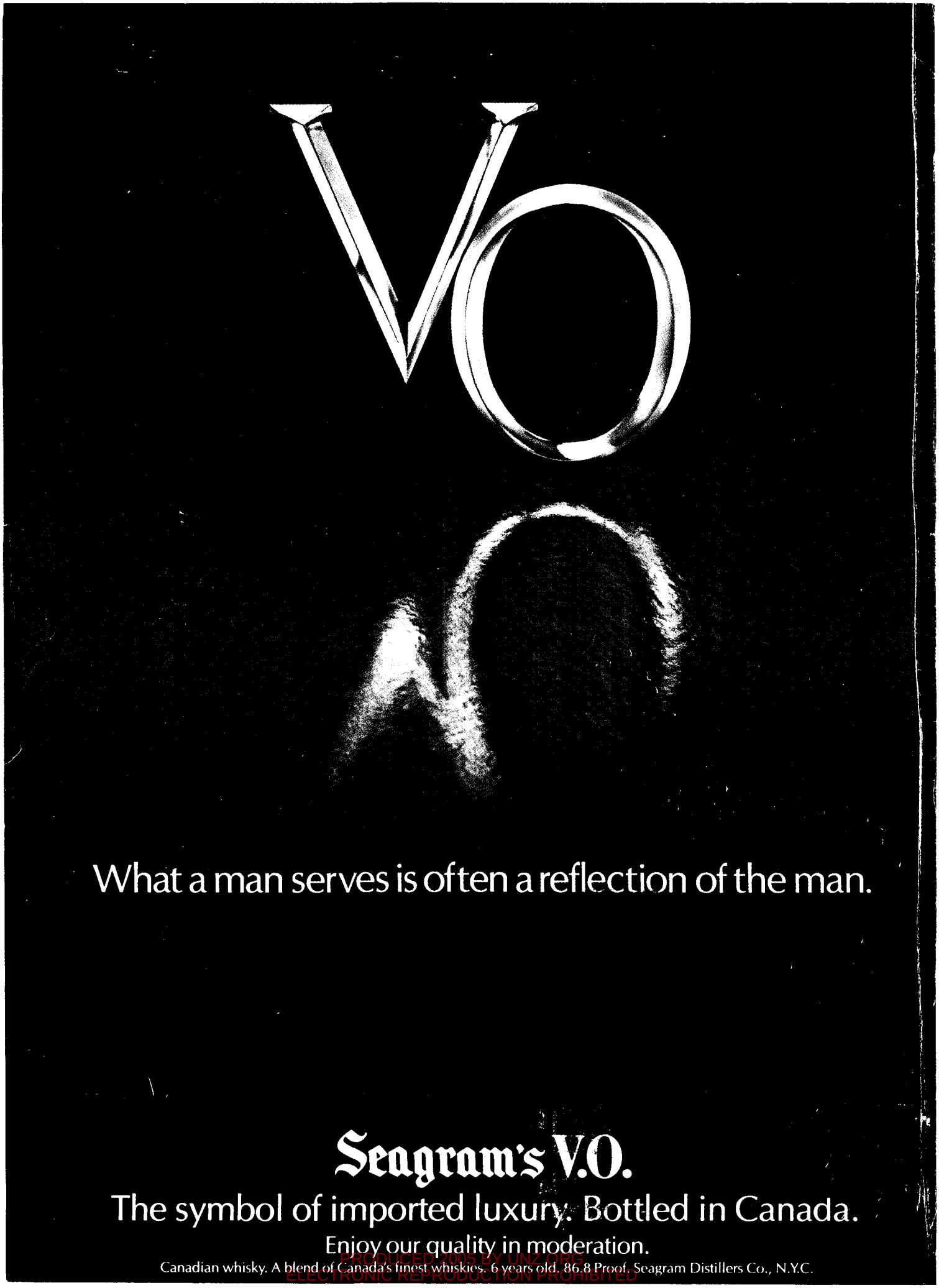
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